

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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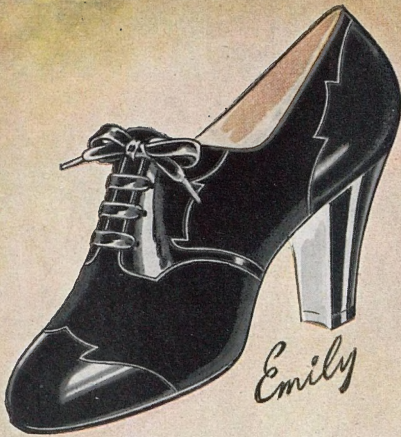


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Compton Collier

The Hon. Mrs. Henry Cecil and Her Two Sons

Mrs. Henry Cecil is the wife of Captain the Hon. Henry Cecil, only brother of Lord Amherst of Hackney. Before her marriage in 1938, she was Miss Rohays Burnett, only daughter of Major-General Sir James and Lady Burnett of Leys. Captain Cecil was originally in the 7th Hussars; he transferred to the Gordon Highlanders and is now a parachutist. The Cecils have two sons, John Strongbow Amherst, born in 1939, and James Comyn Amherst, born in 1941. Their home is at Gesyns, Wickhambrook, in Suffolk



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Civil War?

ONE can doubt that the Government of India took the only course open to them in arresting Gandhi and his Congress colleagues. Only the future can confirm whether this was the right or the wrong thing to do. I mean the right thing to do in relation to the orderly government of India, for there seems to be the possibility of history repeating itself. In the first World War civil strife swept Ireland. In the second war there is every prospect, unless there is firm government and strong leadership, that civil strife on a vaster scale and in a more vital part of the Empire, will overwhelm India. I devoutly hope this will not happen, but obviously we must be prepared for it.

The Viceroy had to deal with a grave military threat which Gandhi was planning. I have no doubt that the Government of India would have preferred to have played politics with Gandhi in the hope that his political reputation would be for ever damned. But the threat of dislocating the war effort in such an important sphere did not allow of this. Action had to be swift, relentless. Gandhi probably did not count on this when he made his plans. It always seemed to me that he was struggling for one supreme object, the restoration of his personal influence and the power of the Congress Party. Both had suffered and were declining. By creating chaos, Gandhi calculated that the British authorities would at least compromise. If they didn't they would enable him to pose as the martyr of India's political aspirations. Imprisonment would therefore strengthen his personal ascendancy over the Indian people. It is confirmation of this point that we must await.

Hitler Model

ON military grounds the threat to India's war effort and the civil administration as a

whole was real. Gandhi was planning to hold up the whole continent. All forms of internal communication, telephone, telegraph and transport would be severed. There were to be strikes among shopkeepers and lawyers as well as in munition factories. Even the A.R.P. services and vital aerodromes on which the defence of Indians and India depend, were to be molested. Whatever political conceptions one may hold for the future of India, the operation of these traitorous plans would have meant nothing but chaos and the ruthless disruption of all the constructive reforms by which India has benefited in the last fifty years. It is not certain, but it is possibly true, that Gandhi was caught unawares by the swiftness of the Government's action. He may have calculated that the British authorities would temporise and give him greater time to complete the conflagration of India's constitution. If this were his belief, then for once Gandhi has been caught napping. He has made a big mistake. I sincerely hope that he is also mistaken in his belief that the people of India are ready to make him a Hitlerian saint. Much has come to light in Gandhi's most recent political utterances that sound a Hitlerian chord. There's no question that like Hitler he is an addict of masochism.

Viceroy's Role

HEAVY responsibility rests on the Marquess of Linlithgow. His Viceroyship will undoubtedly be the climax to which historians will point in considering British rule in India. His will be the guiding hand which can avert chaos and give India the right directive for the future. Few statesmen can know more about Indian politics. He took a leading part in the last Round Table Conference which produced the reforms which Sir Samuel Hoare, then Secretary of State for India, piloted through Parliament. Since then time and the necessities

of war have produced further reforms all leading towards Indian self-government.

It is noteworthy that the Viceroy's executive now contains a majority of Indian members. The British Government's policy, which has been announced and reaffirmed from time to time, is thus confirmed. India will be given political freedom to establish self-government after the war immediately on the main political elements reaching agreement. Without an agreement among India's political forces, there can be no question of Britain surrendering power and responsibility. There is complete agreement among all members of the Government in London on this point, and when one takes into account that this recognises the political convictions of Mr. Churchill on the one hand, and Sir Stafford Cripps on the other, it is important. It is also great support for Mr. L. S. Amery, the Secretary of State for India and the Viceroy, who between them have to operate the policy of the Government. Mr. Amery is a staunch Conservative, whose statesmanship is reflected with much credit in these difficult times.

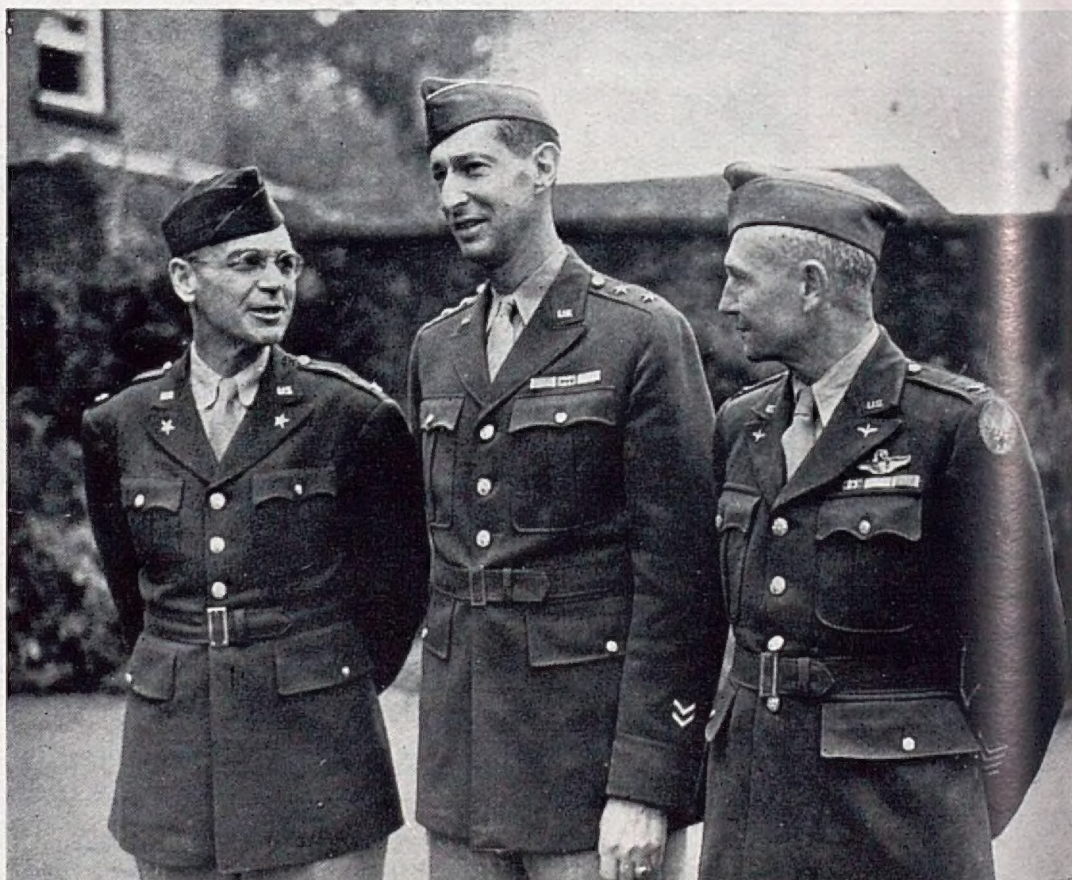
Moscow Talks

BIG things have been happening in Moscow where the American Ambassador and the British Ambassador are known to have been in conference with Russian Ministers. The scope of the talks and the other leading personalities who may have joined in them, have so far been kept secret. The shroud of censorship has never been so tightly drawn and clearly for good reason. Obviously much depends on these personal contacts. But Admiral Standley was able to tell a Press Conference in Moscow that while the general public may be disappointed at the absence of a second front, he had encountered no dissatisfaction in official quarters. This confirms the views heard in Whitehall. Stalin and his Ministers fully appreciate the respective positions of Britain and the United States, and recognise that the opening of a second front must depend on strategic and military factors alone. If only street-corner Communists and ambitious politicians would model their judgments, and moderate their utterances in accordance with these views there would be less political unrest at this moment. The persistent demand for a second front may compel Mr. Churchill at a very early date to disclose some interesting news as part of Government policy for the future.



The Retiring Q.M.G. and His Successor

General Sir Walter Venning (seated), Quartermaster-General to the Forces for over three years, is retiring, and Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas S. Riddell-Webster (on the right), a former Deputy Q.M.G., succeeds him. In the centre is Lieutenant-General Sir Dudley S. Collins, Controller of Engineer Services



U.S. Land Force Chief and Two of His Staff

Major-General Mark Wayne Clark (centre) is in command of U.S. Land Forces in Europe. With him here are (left) Colonel Lowell W. Rocks, his Chief of Staff, and Colonel G. H. Gales, Air Liaison Officer. General Clark, who is forty-six, as Chief of Staff of Army Ground Forces, helped to build up the divisions he now commands



"Knightsbridge" Commander in London

Major-General Charles Willoughby Norrie, D.S.O., M.C. (right), Commander of the 30th Armoured Corps, who fought so gallantly in the "Knightsbridge" area in Libya, arrived in England a short time ago. With him above are his wife and his A.D.C., Captain Paul Burton



A Tribute To Malta From Canada

The Canadian Legion of the British Empire Service League in London presented a gold badge and an illuminated plaque to the citizens of Malta. General Sir Ian Hamilton; Lieutenant-Colonel A. V. Aguis, representing the Government of Malta; and Lieutenant-General Sir William Dobbie, former Governor of the Island, were present when Mr. Harold Macmillan, Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, received the gift from Lieutenant-Colonel D. E. Macintyre, General Manager of the Canadian Legion War Services

Nazi Jitters

THE Germans, as well as Vichy Frenchmen, have been taking the closest possible interest in the Moscow talks. They fear the consequences which may flow from them. In France, particularly, there is serious unrest. The Germans declare that this unrest is growing as if the words of command had been given. The execution of Frenchmen increases as a result. Meanwhile Laval is doing his best to compete with other French quislings. Doriot and Deat are trying to jockey him out of position. They say that he is not sufficiently pro-German. So Laval appeals to French workers to volunteer their services to Germany. How they trample on the soul of France! They play with her destiny like gamblers. Their only interest is personal power. I remember an American telling me of one of his last talks with Laval in Vichy. Laval was asked what he would do if the Nazis were defeated and the Allies won the war. The cynical reply came quickly: "I should become a good democrat." If the present mood of France persists and grows stronger it is a pleasant thought that Laval may not be given this opportunity. His fate will be different, and final.

Sad Blow

JUST before Lieut.-General Gott was killed a friend was describing his desert genius. Apparently Rommel, in the course of interrogating some British prisoners, paid a soldier's tribute to him. He said that before making any new move he had been in the habit of testing the British lines. He would do this by sending out a few tanks. If the tanks did not come back from any part of the line he knew instinctively that Gott was there, so he would launch an attack elsewhere. Lieut.-General Gott was nicknamed "Straffer" because he was a fearless and an offensive-minded commander. At forty-five he was Britain's youngest and most promising general. If death had not claimed him—his plane was shot down in Libya—there's no doubt that he would have been given further promotion at an early date. His leadership, and the affection in which he was held by those who served under him, demanded wider recognition of his qualities. He had made a deep study of desert warfare. He knew the western desert intimately, and this knowledge had been invaluable to successive commanders-in-chief. Though "Straffer" Gott is dead. I am sure

that in the British Army there are more like him. But they cannot show of what they are made until they are given a chance. Then it seems that we don't hear about them until they are dead. It is time that the Army made itself felt and did not allow criticisms and interference to continue unchallenged.

Egyptian Visitor

FIELD-MARSHAL SMUTS has been in Cairo again. Usually one can expect developments when he has been to the battlefield. On this occasion it is believed that he has had important talks with people in Cairo. On his return to South Africa the Field-Marshal declared that

he was satisfied with the situation in Egypt. This does not tally with the comments of war correspondents. Day by day they have conscientiously reported the persistent lull in the desert until one of them asked: "What are we waiting for?" And the censor passed it. Obviously there must be a reason for the slow-down which has enabled Rommel to receive reinforcements in men and material. But I cannot believe that General Auchinleck is willingly waiting while Rommel gets stronger. Other considerations must be weighing with him. Whatever they are they can only emphasise the importance of this campaign in the Middle East when it is resumed. The threat to Egypt is not as grave as it was, but it still remains a necessity that Rommel and his troops should be forced right back. The sooner this is done the clearer will be the strategic outlook, and the stronger our prestige.

Free Comment

TAKING advantage of the right of free speech I want to take the opportunity—as few seem to have done—to say that I sympathise with Lady Astor. Like all who live in the country she enjoys the right of free speech. In one of her speeches, in which she advocated Anglo-American friendship, she mentioned Russia. She declared that the Russians were fighting for themselves, and because of this there has been an uproar. Questions have been asked in Parliament, sneering comments have appeared in newspapers, politicians have uncovered their prejudices. So much so that Lady Astor has had to issue a statement saying how much she acknowledges the efforts the Russians are making. So do we all. But we live in a free country and we are allowed to recall that when British diplomats were negotiating in Moscow for an alliance the Russians were actually signing a pact with Hitler. This fact does not now make any difference to the alliance we have at last made with the Russians. Nor does it affect the supplies we have poured into Russia, and the risks our sailors have run. Nor does it alter the fact that when Russia was attacked by Germany she started to fight back to save herself and her way of life as we are fighting to save our way of life. It passes my understanding why people should be so sensitive about Russia now she is on our side. The Russians are realistic. I'm sure Stalin would not take umbrage at Lady Astor's remarks.



Governor of Southern Rhodesia

Sir Evelyn Baring, K.C.M.G., at the age of thirty-eight, becomes Governor of Southern Rhodesia. A son of the first Earl of Cromer, he entered the Civil Service in 1926, and became secretary to the Agent of the Government in India, retiring in 1934

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

"Bambi"

By James Agate

NOBODY, to my knowledge, has ever written an essay on blind spots. Perhaps for the reason that there is nothing to be said about them. Or very little. But there is one point to be made about them, and if ever I write the essay I shall make it. On second thoughts why wait for the essay? Let me make it now.

THE point is the inherent unfairness of the blind-spotter. Over and over again you hear people say: "I detest so-and-so; he is one of my blind spots." You never hear anybody say: "I adore so-and-so; he is a blind spot with me." Logically, people should have no opinion about a blind spot. Yet the human mind takes very little account of logic, and I confess that in my case these areas of non-visibility are so many foci of detestation.

AMONG my blind spots are books about middle Europe in the seventeenth century, the result of schoolboy ploughing through Schiller's interminable *Thirty Years War*. All novels about latter-day middle Europe by authors with names like Feuchtwanger. So great is this phobia that for many years I shied at any concert presided over by Furtwängler. All British music with the exception of Sullivan and Elgar, all swing music, all crooners, all radio comedians and all the Marx Brothers with the exception of Groucho. Where is this getting us, asks the reader. It is getting us, dear reader, to the art of Walt Disney.

BLIND spots in the amateur do no harm to anybody. But they are excessively dangerous to the critic, who should always be on his guard against them. On the other hand he must beware of mistaking for blind spots the things he legitimately dislikes. If he fails to

observe the nice distinction here he and his criticism go down into a mushy swamp of universal praise. One golden rule emerges. This is that any artist or work of art which is approved by highbrows and lowbrows alike is not to be condemned because it does not happen to strike on a particular critic's box. If that critic does not find something to admire in the artist or the work, then he has hit upon something which he must recognise as a blind spot. Walt Disney, for whose early work I conceived something approaching a passion, has become with me a blind spot through what I can only call over-saturation. Conscious of this, realising that another load of Disney was like adding coals to a full cellar, yet resolved to be utterly critical, I hid me to the New Gallery to see *Bambi*.

I was not helped by the preliminary matter. First we had a Ministry of Information film in which sailors of the allied nations, gathered round a bar, clinked their canikins and proceeded to reconstruct Europe on federal lines. Which lines I am prepared to believe possible when Mr. Churchill tells me he is seeing eye to eye with Mr. Gandhi and Mr. de Valera. Yes, reader, I am aware that this page in *THE TATLER* is not the place for political discussion. But I submit that the M.O.I. began it, and that the proper business of the Ministry in the matter of the cinema is the distribution of informative films, and not the dissemination of propagandist and highly controversial matter.

Next we had a long and boring film about bird life, then something longer and only slightly less boring about bees, accompanied by Mendelssohn's music for the nuptials of those insects played at half the proper speed. Roundabout here was an appalling short in which the vocal members of a jazz band looking

like bruisers on the active list gave a perfect imitation of Good Time Charley's quartet in Damon Runyon's *The Lily of St. Pierre*. After which the band discoursed a variety of music reminding me of that music-seller's window at Swiss Cottage which every day for months has offered me choice of Tchaikowsky's Piano Concerto No. 1, Richard Adinsell's "Warsaw" Piano Concerto, a song called "Jealousy" with Hutch's photo on the cover, and something called "Boogie Woogie Piggy." The News followed.

THESE excerpts lasting one hour and twenty-five minutes, it may be gathered that I was not in the mood for *Bambi*, Nambly, Pamby or even a thriller about Helen Lambie. The curtains parted once more, and while we were being told who was responsible for the film's plumbing, etc., a well-meaning friend of mine, who is a frenzied Disney fan, took occasion to say: "You know, James, Disney is more than a magician. He is a seer and a preacher without pulpit. He does what no other living artist seems able to do. He transports you into a world of beauty, phantasy and fun. Like the best of dreams but lasting longer, more vivid, more real. He is the Crome of the screen, and more. He can be at once as macabre as Hieronymus van Bosch and as elegant as Corot. He is an inspiration, an exhilaration and a sublimation of earthly experience." Here my valued friend stopped for breath, and before I had time to growl "He's a blind spot with me," I found myself in an enchanted and enchanting world.

AND that is all for now about this film, to which I hope to return in a second article. For the moment I shall only say that it realised for me the wonderful ending to the Goncourts *Manette Salomon* which I roughly translate "Sometimes in the lightest hours of dawn, hours of dew-drench'd clarity, of morning innocence recalling the childhood of the world under a sky from which the birds have brushed away the stars, in the verdant tenderness of May, in the solitude of green streets, of arbours precluding human abodes, in the midst of creatures familiar and unafraid as in the first days of Creation—Anatole tasted the joys of Eden, and was filled as by Divine bounty with the bliss of Man face to face with the vastity of Nature."



Meet the English Lower Middle Class in "Salute John Citizen" at the Carlton

In "Mrs. Miniver" we met a typical upper-middle-class family. In "Salute John Citizen" it is a typical lower-middle-class family—the "Buntings." Edward Rigby plays Mr. Bunting, Mabel Constanduros his wife, and Stanley Holloway their neighbour. The film tells of the reactions of this family and of their neighbours when the Nazi blitz was at its height; the marriage of their son and his subsequent joining up in the R.A.F., the news that he is missing, the birth of his child, and all the other incidents of living in Britain at that time. Incidentally, Jimmy Hanley, who plays Ernest Bunting (the son) is now really married to Dinah Sheridan, his bride in the film. He is a commando in real life and was given leave to make this film. (Above left: Jimmy Hanley, Dinah Sheridan, Stanley Holloway. Right: Edward Rigby, Mabel Constanduros)

Mothered By Marlene

Baby David James makes his Screen Debut in
"The Lady Is Willing"



Dr. Corey McBain is working on a cure for pneumonia. He is married to Elizabeth Madden, Broadway's greatest star. It is purely a marriage of convenience so that she may adopt a baby and he may continue his experiments unhampered by financial difficulties



Elizabeth Madden goes shopping with the seven months old baby she has kidnapped from under the noses of the police. Later, with McBain's help, she adopts Baby Corey legally

The Lady Is Willing, directed by Mitchell Leisen, is at the Regal, Marble Arch. It is the story of Broadway's greatest star, Elizabeth Madden (Marlene Dietrich), and of her adventures when she kidnaps a baby and in order to make the adoption legal, contracts a marriage of convenience with Dr. Corey McBain (Fred MacMurray). Baby David James is introduced as The Wonder Baby. Is he another baby Leroy of 1933's *Bedtime Story* fame? Marlene thought him so. In saving him from injury on the set when the picture was being made, she slipped and fractured her ankle, and as a result was laid up in hospital for some weeks

A shyster fakes up a case against Dr. McBain and his wife claiming that he has found the baby's legal parents. McBain is too quick for him and proves the three to be swindlers



McBain's experiments are successful. His success in showing up the impostor-parents also calls for a party. Elizabeth and the doctor celebrate, only to find they are not so indifferent to each other as they thought

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

No Orchids for Miss Blandish

(Prince of Wales's)

POOR Miss Blandish; poor little rich girl! Hers was not a happy birthday. The orchids, symbol of the luxury from which the gangsters snatched her must always have been exotic. And, since luxury is more readily described than materialised, we presume they flowered more generously in the pages of Mr. Hadley Chase's novel than in the snapshot scenes of this ruthless play. Such drama demands speed, whereas luxury prefers leisure. So the splendours to which Miss Blandish was accustomed could only be indicated; just a soupçon to point the contrast between the millionaire's birthday daughter, and the damaged wail to which the terrors of the night reduced her.

Such preliminary glimpses as we had of this ill-fated debutante, dressing all unconsciously for doom, were brief and somewhat exiguous. A few professional compliments from her manicurist, some whimsical warnings from her devoted Nanny, a twirl or so of shimmering silk, and a flash of the family diamonds as, with fond ceremony, her father clasped them about her throat: these marked both her coming-of-age and the onset of disaster.

Poor Miss B! Had she but known it, tragedy already shadowed her as she tripped sparkling from our sight to her off-stage party, cross-roads' kidnapping, and the fate that is worse than death.

Anonymity is a handicap that heroines who are mere figments have to face. Their adventures need to be either engrossing in themselves, or else so artfully related that they assume significance. And, despite her sufferings, Miss Blandish remained so hollow a heroine that pity would have been irrelevant. This was perhaps as well, since what in the telling proved to be a horrid tale might also have been unbearable.

Even if its essentials had been true, the story is not engrossing; and its heroine, despite the catchy distinction of her surname, has as little

individuality as a dressmaker's dummy. The wonder is that, when roughly handled, she does not bleed sawdust. As for the homicidal cretins and other heartless persons who smirch her shimmering beauty, the terrors in their make-up are hardly more fearsome than were those of the old-time tenants of that chamber in the basement at Madame Tussaud's.

The author has a flair for the staccato idiom of the gangsters, which comes over the footlights like monotonous plain-song. Mr. Hartley Power refreshes it with occasional wisecracks. Miss Mary Clare, effectively coiffured, has a part unworthy of her powers; Miss Linden Travers shimmers and sobs pathetically, and Mr. Robert Newton boxes the cretinous compass with hoarse enthusiasm. But it was difficult at the time, and is not easier now, to see any good reason why the art of good actors and the sickness of stage machinery should be wasted on such a farrago of insalubrious nonsense.

Murder Without Crime (Comedy)

A good puzzle is none the worse for being neatly propounded; and this little four-handed thriller has additional merit because its author can write. His plot is an ironic variant of the vanishing lady theme, its form a symmetrical quartet. He has a sense of character and situation, and his dialogue, if a thought loquacious, is workmanlike and keeps to the point. The four characters are a young lawyer, his wife who had impulsively deserted him, his mistress who expected him to marry her, and his unspeakably caddish friend.

When Stephen brought Grena back to the flat that evening, he did not foresee the hideous complications that would ensue. The telephone call from his wife announcing her remorseful return; the quarrel with Grena over his repudiation of her claims on him; the supposedly fatal dagger stroke, and the disposal of Grena's body in the ottoman: these were factors in a problem that might well have baffled a



Murder Without Crime But Not Without Malice Aforethought

Matthee, an eccentric pseudo-intellectual with decidedly sadistic tendencies finds a victim and outlet for perverted thought in the young philanthropist Stephen (Raymond Lovell, Peter Croft)

master criminal, let alone such a novice as Stephen.

This problem is ruthlessly exploited by Stephen's friend, an insatiably curious, cold-blooded sadist, with a genius for inflicting mental torture, and a talent for blackmail. Under his malign influence, aided and abetted by the long arm of coincidence, the ottoman itself assumes a kind of personality, and would have been fit furniture for Bluebeard's bluest chamber.

The author's handling, both of the body in the ottoman and the contingent embarrassments, is workmanlike; and the four characters are admirably acted. Mr. Raymond Lovell, as the sadistic friend, has perhaps the richest part, which he plays with a dexterous blend of art and craft. Mr. Peter Croft, as Stephen, agonises well, and Miss Margaret Johnston and Miss Joyce Heron attractively embody Stephen's two loves, of comfort and despair respectively.

Sketches by
Tom Titt



No Orchids But Plenty of Excitement for Miss Blandish

Kansas City crime reporter has got an idea. He starts to work on Anna Borg, a manicurist with 50,000 dollars' worth of information (Hartley Power, Tucker McGuire)

Slim Grisson, vicious as a black mamba, a degenerate-homicidal-imbecile, has an idea, too. He gets to work on Miss Blandish (Robert Newton, Linden Travers)

Slim finds his idea doesn't exactly fit in with Mu Grisson's plans—she is the boss-creator of the Grisson murder gang—so he gives her the medicine she has been asking for (Robert Newton, Mary Clare)



Pat believes in constant practice. Each morning she spends hours at her piano exercising her voice for performances to be given later in the day



In her theatre dressing-room, Pat makes up for one of her big numbers, "Strange As It Seems"

Singing at the Saville

Pat Taylor's West End Success



Pat used to be a tap-dancer, and still does her daily dozen

Young Pat Taylor is the singing star in *Fine and Dandy*, the Firth Shephard show at the Saville. Only twenty-three years old, Pat has already spent half her life on the stage. When just twelve she made her first appearance with Elsie and Doris Waters in *Bean's Breezy Babes*. In those days she specialised in tap-dancing—until one day it was discovered that she had a voice even more remarkable than her very nimble feet. She took singing lessons, did some broadcasting, and, at sixteen, took over Elsie Carlisle's numbers with Sam Browne. Charles B. Cochran gave her her first big break when he engaged her for *Happy Returns*. An engagement with Firth Shephard followed, and for a year and a half she was at the Princes Theatre in *Shephard's Pie*. In *Fine and Dandy* she has her biggest part yet. Two of her songs, "Strange As It Seems" and "Dance With Me," are three-star hits, and Pat is in constant demand for troop concerts all over the country

"Dance With Me" sings Pat. And who could resist her?





Miss Rosemary Perks Lenare

The engagement of Miss Rosemary Perks and Lieut. Ian C. M. Norrie, R.F., only son of Lieut. Col. and Mrs. C. M. Norrie, of 40, Berkeley Square, W., was recently announced. She is the elder daughter of Sir Malcolm Perks, Bt., and Lady Perks



Miss J. M. Vavasour Lenare

Miss Josephine Mary Vavasour is to marry Lieut. Commander Derick H. Fellowes Hetherington, D.S.C., R.N., elder son of the late Commander H. R. Hetherington, and Mrs. Hetherington, of Haslemere. She is the daughter of Captain Sir Leonard and Lady Vavasour, of Alverstoke, Hants.



To Be Married

Lenare

Flt. Lieut. the Hon. Charles Evelyn North, the Earl and Countess of Guildford's youngest son, and Miss Maureen O'Callaghan Baldwin will be married in September. She is the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. F. C. Baldwin, of Malmo Park Avenue, Gillingham

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Royal Theatre Party

THE King and Queen chose *Fine and Dandy*, the Fifth Shephard show at the Saville, as the first evening West End show to be attended by their daughters. The party, which was really a delayed birthday celebration for the Queen, was a great success, and the Royal Family were loudly cheered on arrival, particularly as it is two and a half years since the King and Queen have been seen at the theatre together. His Majesty had to leave London immediately the curtain came down, as he had arranged to visit an Army Division in Eastern Command the following day. He found time in the interval, however, to tell Leslie Henson and Dorothy Dickson, two of the stars, how much they were all enjoying the show. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret took advantage of the occasion to tell Mr. Henson and Miss Dickson of the plans they are making for another pantomime this Christmas. Its name is still a secret, but from the questions put to Miss Dickson, it is safe to assume there will be plenty of dancing in it.

The Taxi Habit

SEVERAL cabbies can boast of royal fares these days. A few days ago I saw Princess Helena Victoria, the King's cousin, waiting outside her house while her servant searched for a cab for her. So far, neither the King nor the Queen has had to hire a taxi, but Crown Prince Olaf of Norway may frequently be seen in one, and, incidentally, is a great admirer of the London cabby for his driving skill and his good humour. In Norwegian Army uniform, without an attendant, the Crown Prince is seldom recognised on these trips, a fact which pleases him, for, as he tells his friends, it has enabled him to know this country and its people in a way that would never have been possible on any number of official visits. Prince Olaf is one of the busiest of our visiting royalties: he spends a great deal of his time with his father, King Haakon—a great and strong bond of sympathy and friendship exists between them—and takes a very active part in all the affairs of the Norwegian Government in London.

Working for Victory

NEARLY everybody one knows is doing some form of war work these days. Viscountess Castlereagh works hard at the "Next of Kin" prisoners of war department in Woking, which is near where she is living with her young family. Her husband, Lord Londonderry's heir, has just returned to this country, having been very ill with dysentery. Unfortunately, he was not home in time to see his sister, Lady Maureen Stanley, before she died. Another keen worker at this depot is Mrs. du Cane, whose naval husband was recently decorated by the King for gallantry. Lady Jane Nelson, sister of the late Duke of Grafton, is working in a factory. Mrs. Denis Russell, who before her marriage was pretty Verena Henderson, works at the same factory. They both do an afternoon shift from 2 p.m. to 10 p.m., six days a week, which enables them to run their homes and spend some time with their small children. Lady Jane's job is soldering, at which she is becoming very proficient. Mrs. Russell works on a machine.

Duty Driving

THE Countess of Ronaldshay is driving a Y.M.C.A. mobile canteen to serve the troops in isolated parts of the Yorkshire moors. She has done this for over a year, turning out in all weathers, and the cold and snow of northern winters mean something. Lady Ronaldshay, who was Penelope Pike, younger daughter of Mrs. Pike (Olive Snell, the artist), is living with

her "in-laws," the Marquess and Marchioness of Zetland, while her husband is in the Middle East with his regiment. She has two small children, Lord Dundas and Lady Serena Dundas; the latter was born shortly after her father went overseas, so he has not seen her yet. Lady Norman, wife of Group Captain Sir Nigel Norman, is another mobile canteen driver; she runs hers in Gloucestershire. In Warwickshire, two more drivers are Mrs. Starkey, who used to ride such lovely horses over the Warwickshire country in pre-war days, and Mrs. Grey, whose husband is serving with a famous cavalry regiment (now mechanised) in the Middle East. Mrs. Grey, who lives with her mother, Lady Hickman, in Warwickshire, was a joint M.F.H. before she married. From the North, I hear news of Lady Mary Grosvenor, the Duke of Westminster's younger daughter. She is living in Cheshire, and working hard driving for the police. Many girls have taken over this work, including pretty Miss "Gynnie" Clifford-Smith, who has just announced her engagement. Her home is in Kent, but when I saw her, she told me she was joining the police in Northamptonshire.

Private View

THERE was an enormous crowd at the private view of Feliks Topolski's pictures from Russia, at Agnew's Galleries in Old Bond Street. The exhibition is organised by the Polish Relief Fund, Poland's Armed Forces Comforts Fund, and the British Committee for Polish Welfare, and the artist is presenting 33½ per cent. of the proceeds from each drawing sold to the relief work covered by these three organisations. He returned from Russia with the pictures, which are a first-hand record of things seen during journeys all over the Russian front, and he has now gone to America. His curling, smoke-clouds style is, of course, well suited to war subjects, and the pictures combine charm and beauty with the topical interest of their authenticity. The introduction of a single colour in some of them is very effective: "The Kremlin," for instance, lit by the pale glow of a pink wash; "Tregova—Air-Raid Warning," its bundling figures strangely-laced with shades of cyclamen;



Christened at Hampton Court Swace

Timothy Clair O'Rorke, seen here with his mother and sister, Sally, was christened at the Royal Chapel, Hampton Court. Mrs. O'Rorke was formerly Miss Tunie Karri-Davies, daughter of the late Colonel W. Karri-Davies, and Mrs. Karri-Davies, and married Mr. Henry O'Rorke in 1937



A Gift From Portugal and Lawn Tennis Matches for the Red Cross and St. John Organisation

D. R. Stuart

The people of Loanda, Portuguese West Africa, have given a mobile First Aid unit to the Red Cross and St. John Organisation. Above, Field Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode, chairman of the Organisation, shakes hands with Dr. Armindo Monteiro, the Portuguese Ambassador, who made the presentation. Mme. Monteiro and the Countess of Limerick were also present



Amongst the spectators at the lawn tennis exhibition matches at Bournemouth, in aid of the Red Cross, were Mr. H. G. Thompson, Viscountess Malmesbury, C.B.E., County President of the British Red Cross Society for Hampshire; Lady Frankfort, vice-president of the Bournemouth division; Alderman and Mrs. J. Empson, Mayor and Mayoress of Bournemouth; and Mrs. Thompson

and "Inverness," a bleak station scene warmed by the use of red. "Soviet Cavalry"—a machine-gun mounted on a horse-drawn carriage—is one of his tumbling, tearing horse pictures, like an Arc de Triomphe come to life.

People There

THE exhibition was opened by the Polish Ambassador, who was accompanied by Countess Raczyńska, and introduced by Dr. Tancred Borenius, hon. Secretary-General of the Polish Relief Fund. Sir Walford Selby, new chairman of this Fund, thanked the Ambassador, and among others there were Lady George Cholmondeley, the Czech Ambassador and Mme. Lobkowitz, the Swedish Minister; Professor Stronski (Polish Minister of Information), Count Andrew Zamoyski, the Princess de Polignac, Lady Howard of Penrith and Lady Hammond-Graeme.

For China

LADY WILLINGTON opened the appeal headquarters of Lady Cripps's United Aid to China Fund at 13, Regent Street. She was introduced by the Bishop of Hong Kong, and there were delicious things to eat, cups of tea, and a display of big and little Chinese objects

d'art for sale in aid of the Fund. Lady Cripps, president of the Fund, was, of course, there; also Sir Stafford Cripps, the Polish Ambassador and Countess Raczyńska, Mme. Maisky, Lady Louis Mountbatten, the Mayors of Chelsea and Marylebone, Lady Stanley of Alderley, without a hat, her shining golden hair brushed crisply upwards; Lady Cohen, in her Y.M.C.A. uniform; Mr. Victor Gollancz, the publisher, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cullingford—she was lucky enough to be choosing a birthday present from among the fascinating things displayed. The exhibition, which was on the ground floor of the headquarters, was arranged by Mrs. Egerton, Sir Stafford Cripps's sister, and Miss Skinner gave £600-worth of things for sale. One of the most energetic workers for the occasion was Mme. Phang, from the Chinese Embassy.

London Hostel for Austrians

A HOSTEL for Austrians serving with H.M. Forces was opened at 34, Lowndes Square by the Archduke Robert of Austria recently. (The Archduke is the second son of the late Emperor Charles—his elder brother, Otto, is in America with other members of the family.) At the same time, an exhibition of Austrian artists' work was opened at the same address.

Many of the exhibits are worthy of note; one in particular, a portrait of Guy Hamilton, A.B., son of our former Press Attaché in Paris. This was painted by Alphonse Pustcher, a British subject, whose work is always so much admired. His wife, perhaps better known under her maiden name of Countess Norah Wydenbruck, has contributed some exquisite flower studies. The Countess is a first cousin of the late Prince Fugger-Babenhause, an enthusiastic polo player. His hospitality will long be remembered by members of British polo teams, many of whom were entertained by him during the summer months. There are also some delightful models in bronze by Jaray, who numbers among his distinguished sitters Cardinal Hinsley and Mr. Lloyd George.

In the North

LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN went North to inspect the St. John Ambulance Brigade medical comforts depot in St. Anne's Town Hall. She is the deputy superintendent-in-chief, and was accompanied by the commissioner, assistant commissioner, district secretary, county surgeon, and county officer for No. 4 District of the Brigade. They were received by the Mayor and Mayoress, with a guard of honour of the Ambulance and Nursing Divisions, St. John

(Concluded on page 248)



Two More Recent Christenings in London

The baby son of Major the Hon. Michael and Lady Pamela Berry was christened on July 29th at Christ Church, Down Street, and given the names of Nicholas William. Above he is seen in his mother's arms, with his brother, Adrian, and two of his godparents: Miss Virginia Cowles and Mr. Brendan Bracken. M.P. Other godparents were Lord Rothschild, Lady Diana Cooper, and Major R. Shaw Kennedy



Sylvia Rosalind Stafford Northcote was christened by her great grandfather, the Rev. the Hon. Arthur F. Northcote, at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens. Her father, who was wounded and won the M.C. at Madagascar, is in hospital in South Africa, and has not yet seen his daughter. In the picture are Mrs. Northcote, with the baby, Canon Northcote, and the godmothers

"Murder Without Crime"

An Excellent Problem Play—Thriller
at the Comedy Theatre



Stephen: "What's the matter? Isn't it enough?"

Grena: "You swine! You think you can buy me off?"

Stephen has heard that his wife is returning to him. He is anxious to get rid of his mistress, Grena, who has told him that she is going to have a baby (Peter Croft, Joyce Heron)



Mad with jealousy, Grena attacks Stephen with an antique dagger grabbed from the wall. In the struggle which follows, the dagger turns on Grena. When Stephen stoops to raise her, his hands are covered with her blood



Stephen: "I've killed her. I tell you I've killed her! It's a relief"
Stephen, worn out by worry as to how he can dispose of the body in the ottoman, breaks down and confesses to his wife, Jan (Margaret Johnston)

Murder Without Crime, written by Air Gunner J. Lee Thompson (see page 246), was originally produced at the "Q" Theatre. It was then called *To Fit the Crime*. Mr. James Agate, film critic of "The Tatler and Bystander," saw the play there and it was on his advice that Mr. Jack de Leon decided to bring it to the West End immediately. For eighteen years Mr. Jack de Leon and his wife Beatrice have been running the "Q" Theatre. Of approximately 300 new plays tried out there, 60 have come on to the West End. *Murder Without Crime* looks like one of their most successful ventures. It is a four-part thriller, ingeniously contrived, and it is being enthusiastically received by London audiences

Mattheo: "Are you afraid to die?"

Stephen: "We're all afraid, aren't we, Mattheo?"

Mattheo, whose suspicions are confirmed by the finding of a blood-soaked handkerchief, half-burnt, tortures the near-demented Stephen by conjuring up ghoulish visions of the hangman and his rope





Stephen, knowing that his wife may arrive at any moment, is desperate. He hides Greta's body in a deep ottoman. He has scarcely finished tidying the room when Matthew, a sinister intellectual with sadistic tendencies, knocks on the door and comes in, ostensibly to borrow a book

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Matthew: "Fate has written that I am not to drink from this glass." He demands a cheque for £1500 from Stephen as the price of "his honesty." He also demands a whisky, but when Stephen gives him this, refuses to drink from the glass given him and insists on exchanging glasses



Matthew is Stephen's landlord, a man used to the good things of life and resentful that his finances no longer supply them. He is deeply suspicious of Stephen's behaviour and determined, if possible, to terrorise the boy into giving him his confidence (Raymond Lovell)



Matthew: "Look in the ottoman, Stephen. Look for yourself."
Stephen: "What trick is this?"
Matthew has searched Stephen's flat in his absence and knows all that took place on the night of Jan's return. To disclose more would be to give away too much!

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

A CITIZEN who has been complaining in the papers that when he buys a first-class railway ticket nowadays he frequently has to stand in the corridor, reminded us irresistibly of Baudelaire's cry at Waterloo, on seeing the serried ranks of glassy Island pans streaming from the 9.18 from Surbiton:

Etonnants voyageurs! Quelles nobles histoires
Nous lisons dans vos yeux profonds comme le mers!

But when this citizen proceeded to ask nastily if it is honest to sell more first-class accommodation than can be supplied, he was reflecting on the honour of railway companies, which is very dear to us. We have more than once fought chaps in clubs for speaking lightly of the Great Western's name, and as a founder-member of the League of Friends of the Southern Railway we spend a lot of time combating charges that that corporation stinks on ice. As Léon Bloy said when he compared the face of Catulle Mendès to a Camembert on the eve of generation: "It merely hums with hideous life."

Tip

OUR only criticism of the railways at the moment is that they are adopting the modern commercial dogma that if you want to ram anything into the Island bean, you have to do it in a two-line jingle of abysmal verse. L.P.T.B. buses are full of these rhymes, which lack only one more to make the set complete. We offer it herewith:

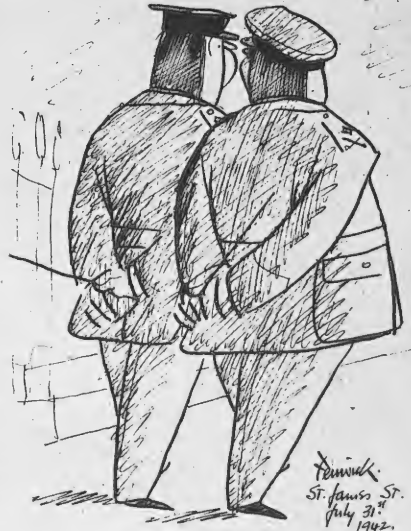
If you wish to leave your seat,
Raise yourself on your hinder feet.

This ought to cure the Race of that all-fours habit, but will it?

Blow

NEWS that the best-selling novelist, Paul Morand, has been given a seat in Laval's Cabinet is making the London bookies under-world twitter with envy and rage, our spies report.

The French are apt to trust literary chaps with high political and diplomatic missions, and often—as in the case of ambassadors like Jusserand, the historian, and Paul Claudel, the poet—justifiably, though the mere idea probably makes our Foreign Office quite sick, in an exquisitely non-committal way. No other great Power takes this risk. Even the Americans, who entrust their embassies freely to the heartiest business men, draw the line at poets and novelists. In Whitehall the feeling is that booky boys would only get drunk or throw a temperament, at delicate moments, and if you can imagine a novelist like D. H. Lawrence as a British Ambassador you'll approve this fear. Is his Excellency at home, Pogson? His Excellency, sir, after slapping several ladies and bursting into tears, has just rushed into the garden naked and climbed a tall tree. I see—I just wondered if his Excellency knows war has been declared? I don't think, sir, his Excellency gives a damn, he being all worked up. All right, Pogson, for God's sake don't let him leave the country without a shirt on, it lets the F.O. down.



"Deuced good show these Russians standin' firm and fightin' to the death, what?"

Footnote

LOOKING it up, we find the last professional British literary boy in full-time diplomatic employment was the poet Prior, temp. Queen Anne. The only one before him was Chaucer. Both behaved very nicely, and also knew something of the big wicked world outside our happy isles; which suggests one more reason why the popular leader of thought and best-seller Mr. — (name suppressed by Censor) will never be offered even San Marino, if the F.O. can help it.

Tosspot

THOUGH a pub-crawler, remarks a drama critic, apropos a new revival, Falstaff was an aristocrat; which was plain enough to the essentially aristocratic mind of Elgar when he wrote his splendid *Falstaff* tone-poem. In other words, Falstaff is a lit gentleman, and presents no problem.

The war has solved, pro tem., the problem of the semi-lit lady, who at one time threatened to become the scourge of the countryside—the charmer from Mayfair in corduroy trousers and bloodred fingernails who so often bounced in and became the life-and-soul of a rustic taproom amid a murderous silence. Why the hayseeds, deprived after centuries of their only evening club, did not rise up and slay this type of sweetheart and her escort more often we can't conceive. Her spiritual home was Shepherd Market or the Fitzroy Tavern, or some deafening chromium roadhouse on the Metropolitan outskirts. The silence of the rural populace would have appalled a less tough or more perceptive character. It had fearful menace in it; also the rustic gaze.

We never traced any given crash on arterial roads to the rude fourflushers of the hamlet, and of course the ancient rustic joke of privily removing linch-pins from wheels died out long ago (they say).

Coincidence

RINGLING'S CIRCUS, which burst into flame in Ohio recently, possesses the bath in which Marat was stabbed by Charlotte Corday, and so does the Musée Grevin, the Tussaud's of Paris.

(Concluded on page 238)



"This is a fine state of affairs for a maritime nation"

Daughter of a Famous Admiral

Lady Prudence Loudon
Has Two Wartime Jobs



Lady Jellicoe and Her Granddaughter

Lady Prudence Loudon is the youngest of the four daughters of the late Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe and Countess Jellicoe. She married, in 1936, Mr. Francis William Hope Loudon, who is a Lieutenant in the R.N.V.R., and they have two daughters, Katharine and Annabella. Lady Prudence lives at Thickets Farm, near Newbury, and is Commandant of the Girls' Training Corps there. She is also a voluntary driver for the Ministry of Food at Wantage, and drives a van which provides schoolchildren with hot meals five days a week. The van in these pictures was a gift to Britain from the people of the North-Western Province of Ceylon. Lady Prudence's only brother, the present Earl Jellicoe, is in the Coldstream Guards, and her three married sisters are Lady Gwendoline Latham, Lady Myrtle Balfour, and Lady Norah Wingfield.



Lady Prudence Loudon with Katharine and Annabella



Lady Prudence Unloads the Van



At the Wheel

Standing By ...

(Continued)

We were mixed up in an enjoyable little brawl over this coincidence in the *New Yorker* some time ago, our suggestion being that Marat obviously sat in two baths at once, like the sterner kind of Cheltenham sahib. Whether Marat also used a loofah we couldn't discover even from Lenotre, who can generally tell one whether the aunt by marriage of the maker of Danton's favourite toothpick had freckles or not. Our feeling is that Marat was too class-conscious to use a loofah, which is a caste-symbol (see *Fascism in the Bathroom*, by Ima Cretin; Goober and Goober; 8s. 6d.); as Coleridge's well-known lines on viewing a duchess's bathroom in Grosvenor Square also indicate:

A savage place. As holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman waiting for her demon loofah. . . .

But as you yourself are probably the kind of Fascist hound who uses a nailbrush, the anger of us Bloomsbury intellectuals won't make any impression. You wait till we tell Comrade Gallacher on you.

Enigma

HOTLY denying that philately is a fertility-rite, as we recently suggested, the usual stamp-licker has written denouncing us as po' white trash.

It so happens that there is a long and slightly sinister poem by Robert Graves beginning (and ending):

The Philatelist-Royal
Was always too loyal
To say what he honestly
Thought of philately . . .

—which seems to bear out our conviction that it is probably a cross between the rites of the Bona Dea, the M.C.C. Willow Dance, the rites of Cybele, the Spring Corn-Dance of the Choctaw Nation, a Grand Chapter of the Primrose League and the Goat-Ritual and

Turkey—Dance of the Voodoo-addicts of Haiti. Whether, having mutilated themselves with knives or scissors, philatelists leap about the streets raving when the Island Race is safely tucked in beddybys, dreaming of Sutcliffe and Hobbs, we wouldn't know. It is said that Stravinsky got inspiration for his *Sacre du Printemps* from seeing a young anæmic girl torn to pieces one sunny April morning by dealers at a London stamp-auction. All this may be hearsay.

Our feeling is that if philately isn't a fertility-rite, what gives philatelists that satyr-like leer?

Beaver

IF the manufacture of neckties is forbidden shortly by the Board of Trade, as an authority predicts, the remark of Mr. James (of Sutton) to Mr. Charles Pooter in *The Diary of a Nobody* may become of national consequence: "That is the only advantage of growing one that I can see."

Mr. James (we hope we needn't remind you) was referring to Mr. Pooter's beard, after Mr. Pooter's tie had fallen from its patent moorings in the Tank Theatre, Islington and a gentleman in the pit below had kicked it away. By keeping his head down all evening, Mr. Pooter was able to conceal his loss. Had he favoured a Joad No. 3 or a Gielgud No. 5 he could not have done this (and in the former case he might have found a lot of cockeyed answers concealed in the undergrowth as well). Except in the National Liberal Club, there are few beards about town to-day which serve a practical purpose, and we doubt if you'd like a Liberal one.

Trauma

JOKES about beards have always seemed to us in pretty bad taste since we gathered from a Harley Street psychiatrist that they express a fear-trauma. The nervous



"Did I ever tell you about my combined operations?"

and often abject eyes of beavers bear this out. If the Brains Trust didn't have hirelings to guard their Encyclopædias day and night, they'd probably all sprout into beards, this chap added. Not a bad idea either, and it would remind one forcibly of the Old Masters. Those boys get their thirty pieces of gold apiece already, after all.

Warning

LAATEST Home Guard jape we've heard is the one about the brasshat sitting in the back seat of a car which failed to stop when challenged one night by a Home Guard sentry. Stung by a bullet grazing his pants, the brasshat stopped the car, jumped out, and said in great wrath: "Did you fire that shot, damn you?" and the Home Guard said: "Yes, and next time I won't fire in the air, either."

Hint

HAVING successfully amalgamated with the Flat Earth League, or the Goat Club, or the Tiller Girls, or whoever it was, the 1941 Committee world-reforming boys are now able to wash their hands, brush their hair, and begin that preliminary task of reforming themselves. Our feeling about these boys is that while they have a consummate grasp of European affairs, gained from travelling frequently between London and their native suburb and reading the *New Statesman*, they lack humility to begin with. Vanity has caused many big boys in history to take a sweet purler, as Scotland Yard could tell you, from the Emperor Commodus to Mr. Smith, of Camden Town, who submerged three brides in the bath. Humility on the other hand has caused many other outstanding figures, from St. Francis of Assisi to James ("Boss") Agate, to shine before mankind in true greatness with a pure golden effulgence. We once asked the Boss if the wellknown story was true, namely that he used to make the tide go in and out daily at Southend with a single gesture. The beautiful humility of his hesitant reply "I do not think—I am not sure I could do that, boy," followed by long quotations from a letter Sarah Bernhardt wrote him in 1889, beginning "*Cher grand critique et noble cœur, mon héros, mon maître divin*," and enclosing five francs to buy himself a box of good cigars, has always been one of our most sacred memories.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"My husband whiles away the evenings pottering round a little printing-press"



Michele Morgan, French Film Star, in Hollywood

Ever since she was a very small girl, Michele Morgan has been ambitious. To go to Hollywood, to be an actress, to own a country home of her own—those were her dreams. And they have all come true. Michele Morgan was born Simone Roussel. When she was seventeen years old, after only two years at a dramatic and dancing academy, Michele, greatly daring, applied for the feminine lead opposite Charles Boyer in *Gribouille*. She got the part, and during the following three years was kept busy playing in no fewer than twelve pictures, in several of which she appeared with Jean Gabin, famous French star. Dreaming of Hollywood, Michele began studying English in 1937, and by the time her opportunity came in 1940 to go to California, she spoke fluently. Her first Hollywood picture, *Joan of Paris*, in which she co-stars with Paul Henreid, was seen in London recently



Mrs. Clyde Turns the Hay

*Photographs by
Swacbe*



Mrs. Villiers Wages War on Weeds

Jeremy and Caroline Have Fun with the Hay, but Nerena is Dignified





Hon. Mrs. Nicholas Villiers, Her Daughters and the Peke

Young wives of Captain the Hon. Nicholas Villiers and Captain Clyde are living with their children in a cottage near Slough. Villiers, who is the Earl of Clarendon's son, is in the Grenadier Guards and at present serving abroad. He married in 1939 the daughter of the Hon. Fredric Weld-Forester, and they have two little girls: born in 1940, and Nereida, who has just celebrated her first birthday. Mrs. Clyde is Lord Gerald Wellesley's only daughter, and is a cousin of the Duke of Wellington. She married Captain Thomas Clyde, of New York, three years ago, and has a son, Jeremy. Captain Clyde is in the Royal Horse Guards.

"Has Been Eating My Porridge?"



It Takes Two to Harness the Pony



Mrs. Thomas Clyde and Jeremy

Brides of the Year



Lady Patricia Kingsbury Harlip

The only daughter of the Earl of Ypres was married early this year to Mr. Henry E. Kingsbury, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Kingsbury, formerly of Chewton House, near Bath. Lady Patricia, who previously drove an ambulance, now works in a factory as a machine operator. Her husband does research work for the Admiralty



Pearl Freeman

Mrs. Courtenay Young

An April wedding was that of Mr. Courtenay Trevelyan Young and Miss June Brinley Richards, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brinley Richards, of 36, St. Leonard's Terrace, Chelsea. Mr. Young, who is a 2nd Lieut. in the Intelligence Corps, is the younger son of Sir George Young, Bt., and Lady Young. The Courtenay Youngs were married at the Chapel of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea



Harlip

The Hon. Mrs. Alastair Buchan

The Hon. Mrs. Alastair Buchan was formerly Miss Hope Gilmour, and is the daughter of the late Mr. David Gordon Gilmour and of Mrs. Gilmour, of Ottawa. She married, on April 11th at Oxford, Captain the Hon. Alastair Francis Buchan, youngest son of the late Lord Tweedsmuir, a former Governor-General of Canada (well known as John Buchan, the author), and of Lady Tweedsmuir. Captain Buchan is in the Canadian Army and his wife is working at the Admiralty



Mrs. Robert Heber-Percy Harlip

Mrs. Heber-Percy was a July bride. Formerly Miss Jennifer Fry, only child of Sir Geoffrey Fry, Bt., and Lady Fry, of Sloane House, Chelsea, and Oare House, Marlborough, she married Mr. Robert Heber-Percy, son of the late Mr. Algernon Heber-Percy, of Hodnet Hall, Shropshire



Harlip

The Countess of Warwick

On February 9th the Earl of Warwick and Mrs. Mary Kathleen Bell were married in London. Lady Warwick is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Clifford Hopkinson, of Seabarn, Kingston Gorse, Sussex, and she is Lord Warwick's second wife. Besides keeping house for her husband in London—and she is an expert cook—Lady Warwick has recently become a V.A.D. Red Cross transport driver

The "Tatler and Bystander" Short Story

The Retirement of Churchill

By G. D. Martineau

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier

OTTO SCHULTZ was terrified. The thing he had always dreaded had come to pass, and his plane had been brought down in the neighbourhood of Canterbury, whose Cathedral had been his target.

The treatment of prisoners in that savage island, he had been assured, was terrible. Following the Führer's just reprisals on British institutions, Germans falling into British hands were subjected to insult and torture. Tales were told, and by no less an authority than Dr. Goebbels, of teeth being torn out.

So Otto Schultz, instead of surrendering to the local authorities, put off the evil hour and took to the woods, where he concealed himself, wondering what chance of escape existed.

To avoid discovery, he must find some civilian clothes and get rid of his uniform.

Such an action might turn him into a spy and render him liable to be shot—but what of that? As matters stood, the same fate threatened him—after having his teeth torn out.

Otto Schultz possessed good teeth. He felt he could employ them usefully after twelve hours without food.

And, as his thoughts turned to that deficiency, the woodland breeze wafted, faintly but unmistakably, the odour of cooking.

He started up and moved cautiously from cover. Yes, not a hundred yards away a thatched roof peeped above a hedge; smoke was rising, and the smell of midday dinner became more pronounced.

As he stole cautiously from tree to tree, the sound of a car suddenly alarmed him and, from a hidden lane, a van swung over the narrow track and stopped at the cottage. A man got out, whistling, and went in through the gate.

One thought now filled Otto's mind. Food!

This might be a baker's van, or a grocer's, providing heaven-sent nourishment to the starving. He darted behind the vehicle, opened the door and gave a silent groan of disappointment. Rows of neat brown parcels revealed that it was either a laundryman or cleaner delivering at the cottage.

Still, here perhaps he might find the disguise which would help him to elude the enemy. He could look for food later.

Meanwhile, he grabbed the nearest parcel, and made off to his hiding-place, from which he presently heard the van drive away.

Then he opened the parcel, and breathed an oath.

A white shirt, white trousers and sweater were the garments it contained. It was a sporting attire, belonging, no doubt, to a tennis player—somewhat too conspicuous for Otto's liking.

Still, it would have to serve for the moment, and indeed, but for excessive length of limb and some constriction at the waist, the clothes fitted well enough. He thrust his uniform into the bushes, then, abandoning concealment, strode past the cottage, left the wood and crossed a closely-mown meadow towards a wooden shed on its border.

It looked deserted, and might possibly be a confectioner's stall.

He found it unlocked, but the interior provided no more substantial refreshment than water, which he obtained by placing his mouth to the tap of a wash-basin.

It was a purposeless sort of building. There were tables and benches and, in one room, two white coats hanging on the wall. Some wooden lockers revealed nothing but strangely-fashioned clubs, a few strips of padded canvas adorned with straps and buckles, and an inexplicable form of account-book, full of names and figures.

"Good afternoon!" exclaimed a hearty voice from the door. "You turnin' out for us?"

Otto Schultz started violently, and turned to face a big, red-faced man, wearing clothes similar to his own, and carrying a long bag.

He did not know what he was being asked, but feeling he had better assume some identity, selected the one English name prominent in his mind and, bowing from the waist, announced "Churchill."

"Ah!" exclaimed the large man with a friendly grin. "That's a good name, anyway—'ope it brings us luck! Tom!" he said, turning to a shorter colleague who arrived at that moment. "This is Mr. Churchill. Joe told me this morning we'd be one short, but it seems 'e found someone, after all. Now, Mr. Churchill, are you a bowler by any chance?"

Otto shook his head. He could not quite follow the words, but it seemed that he was being asked whether he was a hat.

"Modest, I expect," said his questioner. "Well, we'll 'ave to start with Jones and Morrison, and 'ope for the best."

More people were arriving, all apparently dressed as he was.

Escape seemed out of the question, and now he was becoming involved in some sporting exercise. He was shepherded out into the meadow with a number of others, and the big red-faced man pointed to him.

"Fine leg," he said.

Otto nodded and smiled. He was as proud of his legs as he was of his teeth.

When his position had been indicated, he stood and watched the proceedings, which were as strange as everything in this strange place.

There were groups of triple yellow posts, before which men stood and struck at a red ball hurled by their antagonists. Once it trickled in his direction, and at the request of a man in vast gauntlets, Otto gathered it up and restored it to him. Then everybody started walking about, while the large man shouted "Extra-cover!" to him, and pointed.



"He opened the parcel, and breathed an oath"

There was no cover of any kind on this green space, but he had now abandoned all attempts to apply his slight knowledge of English to the language of these sportsmen, so he merely bowed and walked in the required direction.

He had not been there long when there came a sharp smack, and the ball, which had previously rolled so harmlessly into his hand, hurtled at him with appalling velocity, and Otto only just had time to fling himself flat on his face as it whizzed over and struck the fence behind him like a bullet.

He scrambled up amid applause and laughter. The big red-faced man was staring at him and growling remarks which he failed to catch.

This pastime was evidently not as innocent as it seemed, and during the rest of his stay in the field he kept alert for further missiles.

Presently he found everybody was trooping back to the shed, and glanced about for chances of escape. But any such attempt would have been too conspicuous; spectators had gathered, and they included a number of men in uniform.

He sat on a bench for some time, while the strange exercise was resumed, and was feeling relieved that no one asked him to go and stand again in the danger-zone, when he found that two of the canvas objects he had already noticed were being pressed upon him.

"'Ere you are, Mr. Churchill!" said the man called Tom. "Best get 'em on—you're next wicket down."

Apparently, he was to strap these protections round his legs.

When he had done this, he was given a wooden club and, to his alarm, despatched to the centre of the meadow, there to stand, as he had seen others do, and strike at the ball.

A man dressed in a white coat called to him: "Do you want guard?"

Otto Schultz started nervously at the word, and shook his head vigorously.

"That bloke Churchill," said the big red-faced man audibly from his seat, "is the dumbest thing I've ever seen on a cricket field! Where on earth can Joe 'ave picked 'im up?"

But it was neither this remark nor the smothered chuckles it provoked from behind him which disconcerted Otto Schultz.

It was the menacing advance, through a gateway far beyond the white-coated official, of a policeman who carried over his arm the uniform he had left in the bushes. Behind the policeman two soldiers with rifles were talking to the van-driver.

Because of this accumulation of witnesses, he did not see a white figure run forward and an arm come over. He heard a shout, but almost at the same time he felt a terrific blow on the jaw which laid him flat on the turf.

"Strewth!" exclaimed the wicket-keeper of the Home Guard. "What was up with the pore devil? 'E just stood and let the ball 'it 'im!"

"Shocking mess it's made of 'is front teeth," said cover-point, supporting him into the pavilion. "'E'll 'ave to 'ave every one of 'em out."

Otto Schultz, slowly recovering his senses, heard this one sentence through all the confusion of voices which expressed sympathy or gave helpful directions. The awful thing—the nightmare from which he had sought refuge—was actually upon him. He gave one despairing cry and went off into a dead faint.

The scorer, wondering vaguely why the pavilion was being invaded by police and armed men, wrote:

"Churchill, retired hurto."

THE END.

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Booby-Trap

A FILM about German spies, with which the whole of this land has been plastered, seems to be intended to induce us to believe that there are really two Germanys, and that one of them is childlike and bland. Very few people are nowadays so gullible as to accept this fact, and believe that there is only one kind of good German. It is hardly necessary to explain exactly what kind. The talented Mr. Conrad Veidt doubles the part of some twin German brothers in America—one a Consul who, like Von Papen, uses the cover of the diplomatic post-bags for espionage purposes, the other a benevolent stamp-dealer. The wicked brother is done in by the good, who takes his place and is eventually shipped off to Germany when America purges her shores of the German vermin. We are led to believe that he must be going to the very uncomfortable end of the traitor, but why this should be presumed I do not quite know. Von Papen is still going strong, in spite of the criminal negligence which he has displayed in failing to destroy incriminating documents in his luggage. Von Papen was so bad a German that, to gratify a personal spite, he worked against one of Germany's most efficient spies, Von Rintelen. And yet this new Germany continues to employ him. If, however, they can canonise Heydrich, whose record in the German Navy alone ought to damn him, quite apart from his other achievements, they are capable of anything.

If we are in need of any more spy stories I make the concocters a present of this suggestion: a drama to be called *The Double-Crossers* or *Fifteen Hours' Start*. Location: Brest.

From the Horse's Mouth

NOTHING much has happened since last going to press to influence the remaining "futures," and so far as the Leger (September 12th) is concerned nothing will happen even on the 25th of this month, for the Champion

Stakes distance is no sort of a gallop by anything that wins, either for that race or the much longer distance of the Jockey Club Cup (September 11th). There is plenty of chat, however, for whatever it may be worth. It seems to be agreed that Lord Rosebery's Afterthought will not run in the Champion Stakes because 1½ miles is not her cup of tea, and that she will be sent for the 2½ miles of the Jockey Club Cup, which is, and, of course, she will in that event miss the Leger, which is run on the day after that gruelling battle. As her noble owner has a first-class candidate in Hyperides in the classic, he can well afford to stand on that. A very knowledgeable bookmaker has made Afterthought favourite for the Jockey Club Cup in his list for some time past, and I am sure that this is justified and prudent. Some people do not seem inclined to forgive Mazarin for his failure in the Gold Cup, but he is still about second choice in the betting for this big race over the same distance on September 11th. I am still one of his supporters because, when he ran in the Gold Cup, he had had just about as much battle-fighting as he wanted. The respite will have helped him. If Dancing Time is herself, I think she is the third one of three for me. However, there is plenty of time yet. Big Game's price for the Champion Stakes has shortened, and I think that we shall be lucky if we can back him at level money on the day, especially as "they" say neither Hyperides nor Watling Street runs. I do not see why they should. Ujiji, Canyonero and the North Countryman, Rio Tinto, a recent winner over 1½ miles, at the moment a 20-to-1 shot, may be the most dangerous aspirants, but I do not believe any of them can beat his Majesty's colt over 1½ miles, any more than I believe that, no matter how easily Big Game may win his race, we ought to be tempted into backing him for the Leger. He is still quoted at about 12 to 1 against the 3 to 1 (t. and o.) about his brilliant little stable companion, Sun Chariot.



Married in Cairo

Lieut.-Colonel P. T. Lewis, M.C., a well-known Cape Town K.C., recently married Group Officer F. M. Hayes, who commands the W.A.A.F. in the Middle East, at All Saints' Cathedral Chapel, Cairo.

The Leger

GIVE a dog a bad name and . . . you know the rest! Watling Street, having pulled his boy over his head, reaching out after a slight peck on the tan gallop, is once more coming in for a few hard words. He is a lively ride in his work, but a happening like this is nothing. The trouble with Lord Derby's colt is that he has his own ideas about when it is a nice day to have a go. There is the same unfortunate possibility of waywardness where the actual favourite, Sun Chariot, is concerned, so September 12th ought to be a really jolly day to go racing if you are fond of the glorious uncertainty. There is no doubt in my mind that Sun Chariot is good enough to win. We cannot disregard the "but" in either her case or that of Watling Street. The latter only beat Hyperides a neck in the Derby, and Lord Rosebery's colt is as honest as the daylight. He is level favourite with Sun Chariot at 3 to 1 as I write: and the filly did not win her race in the Oaks in too generous fashion. There is another honest one, Ujiji, and he is for sale at 12 to 1, which means a 3-to-1 place bet, the same odds as you may get backing Sun Chariot to win. Personally, I intend to back Hyperides each way.



Mrs. Mervyn Boyse, wife of Mr. Mervyn Boyse, of Bannow House, Co. Wexford, was one of the exhibitors, and showed a fine team of Welsh Corgis, winners of many prizes, at Monkstown Dog Show, Dublin



Lady Edith Windham won a first and second with her two Yorkshire Terriers. She is a daughter of the second Earl of Dartrey, and lives at Dartrey, Cootehill, Co. Cavan



Rockshire Superlative, Sealyham, was a prize-winner for Miss Olive Widger. Miss Widger, daughter of the late Mr. Jack Widger, of Waterford, is engaged to Mr. Noel Kennan Macdonald

Some of the Exhibitors at Monkstown (Dublin) Dog Show

Poole, Dublin



Three Malfroys D. R. Stuart

Sq. Ldr. Cam E. Malfroy, D.F.C., R.A.F., New Zealand international tennis player, is seen here with his wife and his elder brother, Flt. Lieut. J. J. Malfroy, who recently arrived from New Zealand



Officers of an R.A.F. Station Somewhere in the British Isles D. R. Stuart

Front row: Plt. Off. Savage, Flt. Lieut. Taylor, Plt. Off. Slade, Flt. Lieut. Prevot, Sq. Ldr. Kain, Flt. Lieut. O'Meara, D.F.C., Plt. Off. Chadwick. Middle row: Flg. Off. Thomas, Sgts. Dean, Brennan, Inshier, Plt. Offs. Divoy, Hannan, Sgts. Harper, Campbell, Pearce, Johnson, Plt. Off. John, Flg. Off. Macheill. Back row: Sgts. James, Robinson, Roberts, Doherty, O'Connor, Kaye, Dobson-Smyth, Kenny

Sir Francis Younghusband

THE death of the leader of the Tibet Mission in 1904 and the subsequent British Resident in Kashmir, will be a source of grief to anyone who may have had the honour to meet him in either of those places, or in any other far-flung spot in the East to which he travelled, for he was essentially one of those who make this rough road which we are all condemned to trudge seem a little bit smoother. How two such nice people as he and the General (Macdonald) commanding the military forces in Tibet ever managed to get at cross purposes I do not know, and it was none of my business to inquire, for I was told off for a specific job not concerned with any difference between the Political and the Soldier. There was no row: just a rather frigid feeling in the air, which, considering that Gyantse, where they met, was one of the lowest spots we touched—13,000 ft.—is, in a way, not surprising. The Political, I think, believed that soldiers were not necessary: the Soldier, of course, thought differently, and as he came up with the column sent to stop the Tibetans cutting off the supply columns to the Residency in Gyantse, and did that job quite satisfactorily, he was in the end proved to be right. There was later the disagreement as to whether

it was wise or otherwise to cross the wide river, the Brahmaputra. When Macdonald and his little army, not more than 3000 in fighting strength, arrived at a place called the Red Idol Gorge (what a title for Hollywood!), he found that a few miles ahead was a fortified monastery with about 8000 rather truculent persons to hold it, and that it had to be subdued before the road could be made safe for the mule supply columns. After the later pow-wow in Gyantse with those dignified old gentlemen in yellow silk robes and black hats rather like a cardinal's (representatives of the three big monasteries in Lhasa), at which they plainly told Sir Francis to get out and stop out, and that they believed the big Gyantse fort, or Jong, was strong enough to bar his passage to Lhasa, something had to be done. The big fort, which looked about the size of Gibraltar, was armed with some kind of artillery—big muzzle-loading smooth-bores called jingals, firing an outsize round shot, and the garrison had plenty of small arms of all sorts, from Chinese copies of the old Martini to some more modern weapons from, I suppose, the rifle traders up the Persian Gulf. The Residency was only about 800 yards range from the fort, and we had only two batteries of mountain guns.

Civil and Military

AT that time the atmosphere between the Civil and Military was rather supercharged, and, personally, having gone to Tibet almost straight from the centre of the whirlpool, Simla, I was inclined to think that the infection had spread. Things, however, were never so edgy in Gyantse as they were in Simla, where everyone in one camp hardly dared to have a drink in the U.S. Club with a member of the other camp, and communications were kept up by means of nods and winks. For one chap to have said to another "Bung-ho!" or "Whang-ho!" might have had serious results, for "agents" were everywhere! "K. of K." saw the humour of this ridiculous situation, but I do not think the Viceroy ever did. He was far too cross. Amusing to look back upon, but not so pleasant at the time. Sir Francis Younghusband, like the late Lord Ypres (a 19th Hussar), did not fill the eye as a cavalry soldier, for they were both a bit short in the leg and square-built—but then, so many people who have been fine performers on a horse have been that way, and, conversely so, many wiry, waspy-looking chaps who looked lonely off a horse, not worth a row of brass pins on one. You cannot go by looks!



"No Savoury Dish Without an Onion"

Here is Sir William Rootes, chairman of Rootes Ltd., with his son, Capt. Brian Rootes, at the Horticultural Exhibition arranged for the "Stay-at-Home Week" by the Rootes group of companies at Coventry. They were looking over the prize-winning Ailsa Craig onions, exhibited by Mr. E. Butler, a chief toolmaker



Bedford Cricket Eleven

D. R. Stuart

Bedford cricket team have this season drawn with Oundle, lost to Dulwich and Tonbridge, beaten Stiove once and lost to them on another occasion. Players are (standing) J. A. L. Auden, R. F. Thomas, T. H. S. Henderson, A. C. W. Abrahams, Ben Bellamy (coach), G. D. Parren, R. F. Haynes; (sitting) L. F. L. Oakley, F. M. Fletcher (captain), G. S. Smith; (on ground) J. A. Bacon, J. R. Fowles

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

That Desert-Island Game

WHICH dozen books, of all the books in the world, would you choose to keep you company on a desert island, if you were to inhabit the island for some years? This provocative question—asked, I wonder how many times?—tends to make everyone talk at once. The question implies, of course, that one would be shanghaied on the island with every formality and with time to make plans ahead. As a rule, arrivals on desert islands are made under shipwreck conditions, and the survivor is not likely to carry books. If any did happen to be washed up along with him they would probably be in a pulpy state. No, in playing this game, one must imagine a voluntary retirement to a nice island, where trees cast shade at noon. One's outfit having included a deck-chair, one would then settle down to read the selected books.

Or, more possibly, to reread them. For I notice that few people name, for their desert-island library, books that they do not already know. It may be that they are not inclined to take chances. Or, it may be that they have discovered that the pleasure of rereading a book one already loves is, in so many cases, greater than the pleasure of reading a new book for the first time. The first reading (at least of a novel) is often a little feverish; one reads to know what will happen. The second reading—if the book has been good enough to demand it—is infinitely more leisurely, more subtle and more appreciative.

This week I find myself not on a desert island, but in a country house such a long way from anywhere that it is, virtually, an island. And, because of this isolation, one sort of predicament has occurred. The once-a-day postman, who crosses the fields from the village at an unspecified hour between breakfast and lunch, has not, so far, brought me my parcel of new books. So I have spent this week in the delightful, but, for a reviewer, illicit pleasure of rereading old books from the shelves round me when I should have been reading new.

Meeting Emma Again

MY first choice was Jane Austen's *Emma*. I must confess that this was not so much a choice as a return to a habit. I suppose I must have read *Emma* about fifteen times, and each time I enjoy the novel more. I think it not only the best novel in the English language, but one of the best novels in the world. It is certainly one of the purest of comedies. Jane Austen, who took just over a year to write *Emma*—she began it in January 1814, and finished it in March 1815; it was published by John Murray in 1816—doubted whether her public would find her heroine sympathetic. (In fact, she expressed herself, in a letter, a good deal more strongly than this.) Whether you find *Emma* Woodhouse sympathetic is, decidedly, a matter of

temperament. As a heroine, she was, for her own day, an innovation. One cannot deny that there is a fashion in heroines, and Jane Austen realised she was taking a chance when she so defiantly broke with the 1816 fashion. At that time there was still an unwritten rule that a heroine must not be, at the same time, a comic character. The young lady whose fortunes one was to follow must be above laughter—sublime.

Regency novel heroines were expected to be beautiful, irreproachable and unfortunate. Emma Woodhouse did so far comply with the rules as to be very good-looking—and, also, young. Her morals, in the strict sense, were above reproach, but her interfering behaviour to other people was unscrupulous to the last degree. (One might call it *innocently* unscrupulous; she believed she was acting for the best.) And she was unfortunate, sure enough, but only through falling foul of her own designs, not in being the victim of other people's. She did display one of the "period" virtues in being a model of daughterly affection. But, in return, her fond father spoiled her. And one might say that the truly ideal daughter would have attempted, even at that late hour, to check dear old Mr. Woodhouse in some of his more maddening little ways—such as compelling guests to sit by too hot fires on hot



Playwright Air Gunner Returns to Duty

Air Gunner John Lee Thompson spent his twenty-seventh birthday in London on leave watching the opening performance of his first West End play, "Murder Without Crime," at the Comedy Theatre. He is seen above congratulating the cast—Peter Croft, Margaret Johnston, Raymond Lovell and Joyce Heron—on their success, before returning to his station. Mr. John Lee Thompson is the nephew of Air Chief-Marshal Sir Frederick Bouchill, O.C. Ferry Command

days, and constantly interfering with what they ate.

I like Emma for her really warm heart, and for the rueful good sense with which (though always a little too late) she recognised her crashing mistakes. She was not a fool, she was merely slightly too clever—which in the long run comes to the same thing. And how she galvanised her quiet neighbourhood—the neighbourhood surrounding a country town! To enter Emma's orbit was to find oneself forced, by her will, to behave in a dramatic manner. Mr. Elton, that rather too pleasant young clergyman, the already flighty Frank Churchill, and poor, sentimental Harriet were not to be

blamed for making fools of themselves. Harriet, Miss Bates (that classic, courageous bore), Emma's former governess, Mrs. Weston, genial Mr. Weston and old Mr. Woodhouse, never lapsed from thinking Emma quite wonderful. (The crux of the novel, of course, comes when Emma is compelled to ask herself whether these loyal supporters are really right.)

Emma, as leader of Highbury, was in her way a little Napoleon, and she was bound to come to her Waterloo. Premonitory rumblings are heard throughout the novel. Dignified Mr. Knightly, of Donwell Abbey, a constant visitor at the 'Woodhouses', was always too quick off the mark as a critic. Can one wonder Emma's high spirit resented this? And Jane Fairfax's cryptic manner, the familiarity with which she sustained being Miss Bates's niece, and the superiority of her piano-playing were almost equally hard to bear. And as for young Mrs. Elton, that awful bride—

I suppose the perfection of Jane Austen's comedy lies in its having never a touch of extravagance; also, in the perpetuity of its themes. In the century and a quarter (and more) since this novel *Emma* was written, English country and small-town life has changed remarkably little. Relations arriving to stay

(Concluded on page 248)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

IT took this war quite a long time to make up its mind what ideal it was being actually fought for. We all know what it is *against*; but that, apparently, is not sufficient to sustain inspiration—unless, of course, you are really face to face with a bayonet. So once again the picture of an earthly paradise was cleaned and revarnished, and once again it was hung up, so to speak, just at a moment when it is quite impossible to do anything more about it, except to sit back and admire.

But oh, the number of Guides who are now giving their lives to explain the beauty of that picture! Platforms are noisy with them; the week-ends reek with speeches! It is all most edifying. We are uplifted! It is indeed a crusade! Then the sirens blow off and, if we are so minded, we retire precipitately to the nearest shelter or make ourselves a nice cup of tea! Then indeed we scarcely bother to conceive what the war is *for*; what it is *against* is sufficient realism for our way of thinking. It is, briefly, against All That—when it is over and for evermore.

For nobody knows what the world is going to be like when the last bomb has been dropped, the last shot fired and Hitler and his gangsters have retired—as I shrewdly dread—to live in luxury in Sweden, Spain or the Argentine. We shall certainly be very war-weary, and, on the literal home front, will be in a perplexing mess. Bureaucracy will have its teeth

well into our private and business lives. The happiness of our children's children will certainly demand the filling-in of innumerable forms by us, their great-grandparents. We shall be told they will be eternally grateful to us for our sacrifices on their behalf. Which, incidentally, sometimes makes me wonder; because I myself have never been stirred to gratitude by the thought of those who fell for me at Balaclava or were knocked about repealing the Corn Laws. I know I should be, and probably I would be too, were it not for the fact that the average mind rarely grasps what the average eye has never seen, especially if the vision might be a painful one, demanding spiritual obeisance.

So, renegade as perhaps I am, I always turn over the page, so to speak, when some platform politician or reformer tells me of the glories which are to come when the world permits once more sane people to live sanely. I cannot respond to their implied triumph that, having told us their post-war plans, a victory on the field of battle has somehow been won! I need to listen to the nine o'clock news before I can share, even mildly, in their dreams. More immediately important matters are on foot. Chief among them, to conquer what we are fighting *against*: I can tell them that *now*! I shall be interested to listen to what we have been fighting *for*—twenty years after we have won!

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review
of Weddings and Engagements



Waters — Wills

Major Wynyard E. J. Waters, K.O.S.B., only son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. W. J. Waters, of Mill Hill, N.W., and Sylvia Beverley Wills, younger daughter of Major and Mrs. B. B. Wills, of Mill Hill, N.W., were married at St. Michael's and All Angels', Mill Hill



Barrington Baird — Glynne Percy

Major Nigel Barrington Baird, Lothians and Border Yeomanry, son of the late Captain Barrington Baird, and Mrs. Barrington Baird, of 67, Murrayfield Gardens, Edinburgh, married Pamela Marion Glynne Percy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Glynne Percy, of Beacon Hill, Newton Ferres, South Devon, at the Savoy Chapel



Hardinge — Stuart

Lieut. Peter J. S. Hardinge, R.N., son of Captain and Mrs. T. J. Hardinge, of Pitney House, Pitney, Somerset, was married to Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. C. G. Stuart, of the Rembrandt Hotel, Knightsbridge, at Brompton Oratory



Kieft — Dyer

Dr. Bernard Thomas Kieft, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Kieft, of Caswell Bay, near Swansea, married Susan Mary Dyer, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. G. N. Dyer, of Corner House, Worpleston, Surrey, at St. Mary's Church, Worpleston



Nesbitt — Verling-Brown

Lieut. Edgar David Nesbitt, R.N.V.R., of Belfast, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Nesbitt, and Louise Lawrie Verling-Brown, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. R. Verling-Brown, of Little Bookham, Surrey, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Harlip

Mrs. Robert Gillot

Hélène Keyser, only daughter of Mrs. R. H. Behrend, of Rabley Park, South Mimms, Herts., and of Lieut.-Col. Frank Keyser, was married at the Savoy Chapel to Captain Robert Gillot, elder son of Captain and Mrs. Bernard Gillot, of Ward Leys, Woolton Wawen, Warwickshire



Mollison — Lockyer

Captain Mollison, son of Mrs. G. Mollison, of 42, Cadogan Street, S.W., married Diana Lockyer, at St. Bartholomew's, Horley. She is the daughter of Mrs. Lockyer, of Carfax, Lowfield Heath, Horley, Surrey



Fayer

Alison Porter

Alison Porter, youngest daughter of Dr. Charles Porter, of 60, Clifton Hill, N.W., is engaged to Sq. Ldr. Patrick John Emerton Ritchie, R.A.F., son of the late Sir James Ritchie, Bt., of Crick Manor, Northamptonshire, and of Edna, Lady Ritchie, of Penvensey Bay, Sussex



Leggate — Shaw-Porter

Flt. Lieut. D. F. Leggate, R.A.F.V.R., son of Dr. Leggate, of Mukden, Manchukuo, married Sonia Helen Joan Shaw-Porter, daughter of Alderman and Mrs. B. Shaw-Porter, of Gallowgates Copse, Andover, Hants., at St. Mary's, Andover

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 233)

Ambulance Brigade, and later also inspected the headquarters in St. Annes and Lytham, the Red Cross hospital supply depot at Lytham, and went on to Lytham Hall.

Another Lancashire event was a "bring-and-buy" sale at Glengarry, where the Mayoress, Mrs. Lindsay Dobson, introduced Lady Openshaw, N.W. Regional Adviser on Child Care, Ministry of Health. The sale was held at the W.V.S. war nursery, and was to aid children who have lost their homes, and sometimes their parents as well.

In Wiltshire

REGIMENTAL sports have been going on among the soldiers in this part of the world. Mrs. George Clark has been staying in the neighbourhood; her grandmother, Mrs. Shaw Stewart, lives at lovely Fonthill Abbey, where Father Julian Stonor, Roman Catholic padre to the troops, is billeted. Lord and Lady Townshend are near, with their baby daughter; Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. Maconachie—they were married this summer; she was Miss Joanna Banks—Major and Mrs. Ivor Reid, and many more. Major John Morrison, who has returned from the East, and become local M.P., is living with his wife at Fonthill House. Mrs. Rupert Mitford is in a furnished house with her four attractive children, June, Juliet and Talbot Hainault, and Clem Mitford, and Miss Joan Wilberforce was a recent visitor to the neighbourhood from the North.

Cochran Occasion on Hampstead Heath

ON Saturday, August 22nd, Charles B. Cochran will be spreading a real "Big Top" on Hampstead Heath. He is to present Rosaire's Grand Circus, with Tommy Kaye's Lions, the famous Rosaire family of riders, and, augmenting the regular circus company, a large number of variety artistes, headed by Tommy Trinder, who is to act as ringmaster for the occasion. In addition there is to be a mammoth Fun Fair. Princess Romanovsky-Pavlovsky is to preside over the Princess Pavlovsky sports enclosure, and many of her friends are giving their help and support by looking after such games as Houp-là, Fish-ponds, Dodge-ems; etc. The whole of the proceeds are to go to the Yugoslav Relief Society, which is under the patronage of H.M. King Peter and H.M. Queen Marie.

Night Out

THE reappearance of Jack and Daphne Barker in cabaret was a gala occasion at the Meurice, and Vic Oliver was there to get a new load of his fellow-performers, who have some splendid new songs, best of all the one about an old type called Montmorency-Trott. Among the mob Mrs. Patrick Bellew, Lord Decies' daughter, looked specially pretty, and Mrs. Terry, formerly Miss Ursula Livingstone-Learmonth, was to be seen after absence in Australia and a prolonged journey back. Relaxing far into the night were Captain Timothy Tufnell, on leave from the West Country, Captain Tony Pawson, very pretty Baroness Anne Marie Winterstein-Gillespie, Miss Ann Mackenzie, and Mr. Walter Crisham, all members of different parties.

Others seen around London include Lady Charles Cavendish, never to be forgotten as Adèle Astaire, Mrs. Robert Heber-Percy, who was until very recently Miss Jennifer Fry; Miss Vivien Leigh, with Miss Isobel Jeans; Miss Beatrice Lillie and Miss Penelope Dudley-Ward.



The Founder and Staff of "Fitz's Club"

Fitz's Club (there are two of them now in Dorsetshire) provides rest-rooms, billiard-rooms, fires, hot baths and a canteen for the troops. Both owe their name and much of their success to the Hon. Mrs. Eustace Fitzgerald. Back row: Mrs. Shine, Miss Sidi, Mrs. Mills, Miss Read, Mrs. Steer. Middle row: Mrs. Goodman, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Bisgood, Mrs. Hinks, Miss Kempster, Miss Beable, Miss Paine, Miss Parnell, Mrs. Richardson, Miss Jenkins. Front row: Mrs. Allday, Mrs. Macnaughton, Mrs. Lees-Smith, the Hon. Mrs. Fitzgerald, Miss Lee, Miss Lowmy-Corby

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 246)

for Christmas, country dinner-parties (whether snowbound or not), the arrival of a much-talked-of bride in a neighbourhood, a ball, the intrigue surrounding a secret engagement, a strawberry party on a too-hot day, and a carefully-worked-out picnic that was a flop—the delicious truthfulness of the pictures of these in *Emma* can be relished by those who have lived through them themselves. . . . Satirical treatment of heroines is less new now than in 1816. None the less, *Emma* Woodhouse continues to tower—the frankest feminine portrait we have been given yet.

Russians Abroad

NEXT, I re-read Ivan Turgenev's *Smoke*. (Heinemann's have, or had, this in their "Travellers' Library," and I imagine the translation to have been done by Mrs. Constance Garnett.) *Smoke* was first published in 1867, when Turgenev had been for some years living at Baden—it is at Baden that the story is set. Turgenev's elegant cosmopolitanism did not estrange him, in feeling, from his own country—in fact, it did very much the reverse: it heightened, to an almost painful degree, his susceptibilities where Russia and Russians were concerned. He already knew Russian country life with a thoroughness that appears in his other novels—the life of the peasant, the sportsman, the life of the country house. Now, at Baden (and elsewhere) he had the doubtful pleasure of watching his compatriots abroad.

At the beginning of *Smoke*, its hero, Grigory Mihalovitch Litvinov, is sharing this doubtful pleasure. It is an August afternoon, 1862: the brilliant Baden season is at its height. The fashionable mingle with the eccentric; the sun shines on trees, gay houses, gay dresses, the distant hills; an orchestra playing Strauss waltzes heightens the intoxication of the afternoon.

Grigory Litvinov, the serious, ambitious young man who sits alone outside a coffee-house, eyeing all this, has planned his life. He is at Baden, awaiting his cousin and fiancée, Tatyana, who is, with her aunt, to join him there in a few days. But those few days prove fatal. Before Tatyana—the serious, loyal girl—arrives, Litvinov has again met a woman he has reason to dread, and has once more fallen under her spell.

Ten years ago, when he was a youth in Moscow, the then childish Irina had broken his heart. The Irina he meets again at Baden makes herself known to him by a bunch of heliotrope. She is now a married woman—fashionable, beautiful, subtle, unhappy and enigmatic. She is accompanied by her husband, and surrounded by a French-speaking Russian aristocratic circle whose affectations Litvinov detests.

In spite of all these people, Litvinov and Irina meet alone. The central story of *Smoke* is the story of Litvinov's passion for Irina—a passion that tortures his conscience, a passion set in a milieu that seems to him futile and despicable. In vain he tries, by a telegram, to put off Tatyana—she arrives, with her enthusiastic old aunt.

The beautiful accomplishment of the telling—there is a sort of bloom on Turgenev's writing—somehow heightens the tragedy of the story. Irina, with her distracted clear-sightedness, is in her way the most tragic figure of all. . . .

Smoke also satirises a social scene. Two opposed groups of Russians—Liberal cranks on holiday and affected, hollow people of fashion—are caricatured with a savage delicacy. Both groups are seen through Litvinov's truthful and troubled eye. . . . Like all the great Russian novels (and among these it ranks high), *Smoke* is, above all, an analysis of the spirit. Here and there it has scenes of comedy—some dry, some tender. It is pervaded by an atmosphere of enchantment. For reasons I have not had room to make plain here, it has been called a political novel. But probably also there are few greater novels on the subject of the passion of love.

The Irish in London

MY third choice was Maria Edgeworth's *The Absentee*. I like this the best of all her "Fashionable Tales." After Jane Austen and Turgenev, Miss Edgeworth may not seem an impressive writer, but she is a spritely, sane, persuasive and, above all, a thoroughly enjoyable one.

The Absentee was written (I think) about 1811, with a view to correcting a tendency on the part of Irish peers and large landowners to desert their estates for London. In London they throw their money about, trying to cut a dash and impress the English beau monde. Meanwhile, on the deserted Irish estates, the money destined for this foolish use was being squeezed from the tenants by corrupt agents. Maria Edgeworth shows all the evils of this by a clever two-sided picture—of London, of Ireland.

The Absentee is a dashing satirical comedy, with a vein of love-interest and a sting in its tale. Poor, silly Lady Clonbrony, in Grosvenor Square, falls into the clutches of an interior decorator, Mr. Soho—and of other parasites of the expensive world. Meanwhile, her English acquaintances jeer at her cruelly. Her son, Lord Colambre, just down from Cambridge, has the mortification of witnessing all this. Colambre, disgusted, goes off to Ireland, where he loses a few illusions and learns some truths. . . .

The Absentee is amusing and sane; it deserves reading—skip here and there, if you like. I have re-read it in the faded, elegant print of an 1812 edition, "printed for Mr. Johnson." But it also is (or was until very recently) in Dent's "Everyman's Library."



“I have a Guinness for strength . . .

that’s strategy;

I have it on you

that’s tactics!”



The Highway of Fashion

by M. E. Brooke

Rigid economy in fashions has to be practised this autumn regarding labour as well as material, the quality of the fabrics and cut being all-important. Debenham and Frebody, Wigmore Street, are particularly successful in creating models which conform to the regulations laid down by the Board of Trade. To them must be given the credit of the ensemble portrayed on the left. It is carried out in a fancy woollen material and is available in many pastel and other shades. As will be seen, the skirt is arranged with box pleats; the sleeves of the dress are short, and the two pockets of the coat are trimmed with fur. This firm is making a feature of simple dresses destined to be worn under fur and tweed coats



It is really wonderful the effect that clothes have on the mentality, and as in these days it behoves women to be cheerful, Jays, Regent Street, are making a feature of gay frocks for when the hard work of the day is over. Nevertheless, they are not of an extravagant character. For instance, the frock on the right of this page (of which two views are given) is of print, the colours being remarkably attractive. The figure on the right is seen wearing the dress with a neat blouse of which only a glimpse is obtainable. In the other picture the coat has been removed and the details of this accessory may be seen. Naturally this may be varied from time to time and a short skirt can be substituted for the long. There is an infinite variety of printed crepe dresses. Furthermore, no one should leave these salons until they have visited the tailored suit department on the second floor



Brevitts

'BROADWAY'

This new BREVITT creation cannot be surpassed for elegance of line. So suitable for wartime needs, in business or those precious off-duty hours. Available in all your favourite shoe shops. We will be delighted to send you a list of Brevitt Stockists.



*Inexpensive
Gown
Department*

Simplicity Demands Perfection of Cut...

This becoming dress in whisker angora wool depends for its smartness on the clever diagonal cut and original arrangement of the genuine pockets; it buttons through at the back to the waist, and has an inverted pleat in the skirt. In black, brown, wine, green and shades of blue
Several sizes. (11 coupons)

Hips 36, 38, 40, 42, **£7.16.2.** Hips 44 & 48, **£8.4.2.**

Debenham & Freebody

Pass the Mustang

WHEN, to the Army Co-operation Squadrons of the Royal Air Force, they passed the Mustang, they also passed the mustard. They hotted up the tactical land-air sandwich. Formerly, you will remember, Army Co-operation used to be high tea in the heavens (with occasional rude interruptions). The guests sat bolt upright in their Lysanders, passing nothing more caustic than the milk.

There they were, up aloft, moving in slotted state-lines, looking down at the counter-battery work and buzzing busily on their mouse keys. How different it has all become I learned when I called a few days ago at a Royal Air Force Army Co-operation station where the squadrons are equipped with North American Mustangs.

I suppose the Tomahawks started it. They started the process of speeding up Army Co-operation work and making it more vigorous and more flexible. And when the Mustangs came in the change in attitude was complete. Today Army Co-operation is no longer the poor relation of Service flying. It is the strong, promising, ambitious and go-ahead favourite of the family.

Scope

A CURIOUS sequence of suspicion (by the Army of the Royal Air Force and by the Royal Air Force of the Army) has now ended in really good co-operation which is all but integration. Both Services have come to realise that land-air must—if logic means anything—become the strongest of all combinations in war.

Land-air will beat land, air or sea alone. Eventually (though that time is not quite yet owing to the limits set to aircraft ranges) land-air will beat sea-air.

Air Marshal Sir Arthur Barrett, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army Co-operation Command, knows the Army well and knows the Royal Air Force well. He has been largely instrumental in infusing speed and striking power into the whole process of Army Co-operation and he has been aided by the change in types of aircraft.

No great progress could be expected when the Army Co-operation aircraft was conceived as a slow old thing covered in wing slots and cluttered up with

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

paraphernalia. The Mustang has changed all that.

This is a really beautiful aeroplane. I have never seen a better finish on wings, engine cowling, cockpit cover, fuselage. Flush riveting is used all over; the ailerons are metal covered. The airscrew—contrary to some reports—is the Curtiss electric. The arrangement of the instrument panel and of the cockpit controls is exceedingly well thought out and the pilots told me that they found they soon got used to the hinged cockpit cover—which does not permit the take-off to be made with open hood.

Close Support

CLOSE support for ground troops, as conceived in the newer Army Co-operation includes low-flying machine gun attacks and pilots from the squadrons I visited have been doing this work. I saw some flying of the kind that is used and it is impressive to note the manner in which these pilots make use of ground formations, trees, hills and the like, to give them cover during their approach to their targets and during the get-away.

They have brought low flying to a fine art and do it in formation as well as singly. A section can skim the ground in line astern, or echelon, and beat up a ground position before the anti-aircraft guns have time to do much about it.

Those who believe, as I do, in the future of the air army—a combat team part air and part land—must view these developments with the greatest satisfaction. No side of air work has ever made swifter progress or has set out more boldly to utilise new thought and new methods.

It has been very right that there should be pressure, from Parliament and elsewhere, for closer collaboration between our land and air forces. Now that has been brought about; but with it there has come an altogether new conception of the work that can be

done by hand-in-glove, air-land integration. We have to thank those in charge and also the excellent Mustang aircraft with its Allison engine.

Recognition

MANY have pointed to the similarity between the Mustang and the Messerschmitt 109E, both of them having the rather angular wing tips and tail and fin. But the Mustang spinner looks different and there is the unmistakable key of the midriff radiator scoop.

This scoop tails away towards the rear of the machine after starting, well back under the fuselage as a large, letter-box opening. At the outlet end it has a controlled flap.

Fortunately, errors of recognition are not likely to become frequent because the Germans are giving up the Messerschmitt 109E for the Messerschmitt 109F, which has rounded wing tips, and for the Focke-Wulf 190.

In any event, I always hold that recognition as between pilots in the air is more a matter of behaviour than of the examination of lines and silhouettes. It is by the behaviour of an aircraft or formation that the pilot identifies. If it is a large formation over occupied France and if it is being heavily engaged by anti-aircraft artillery, the guess is that it is British. If it is a large formation over England and if it is not being fired on at all, the guess is that it is again British.

Behaviour and attendant circumstances do not provide a complete system of recognition. But for the pilot they are usually the first and most valuable guides.

Incidentally since I mentioned in these columns some time ago that I doubted the wisdom of changing the Royal Air Force or British roundel markings and stripes on the sides of fuselages and fins, with the reduction in the width of the white strip, I have asked almost every R.A.F. officer I have met—including some in Fighter Command—why the change had been made. Not one of them knew.

I fear we have a case of the inability of some persons in office to leave well alone. The old searchlight story just will not work in this case. We must soon decide what are the British aircraft markings and stick to them.



YOUR SPEEDOMETER PROVES IT

If your Austin is an old friend, the substantial mileage on your speedometer will confirm the well-known fact that every Austin is a good long-term investment. This mile-after-mile dependability accounts for the many Austins singled out to-day to carry on helping in jobs of war work. If yours is among them, don't grudge it a little care. Remember, its trouble-free fitness concerns not only you, but the war effort as well.

Keep your AUSTIN fighting fit.....

●**DECARBONISE IN GOOD TIME.** Excessive carbon causes loss of power, bad starting, waste of petrol and needless strain on your battery. More serious, you risk damage to valve seats, and piston rings sticking, with consequent loss of compression. True, this may not happen—but why take the risk when a visit to your Austin dealer can prevent it?

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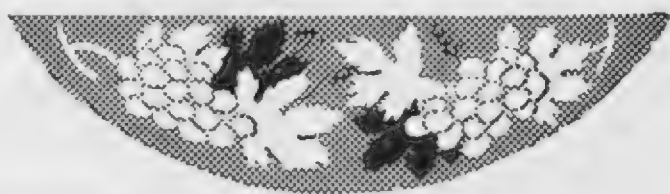


THE BRITISH CHARACTER

In the days before the war you naturally expected French Vermouth to be dry and Italian sweet. British Vermouth is made sweet *or* dry for either taste and—being a true Vermouth and neither copy nor substitute—it likewise has its own native character. Votrix, produced in Britain for years, is Vermouth with the sun and soil of Empire vineyards in its life history and the genius of knowledgeable blending in its special infusion of herbs and spices. Cultivate the palate—it's individual, it's authentic and it's *ours*.

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is produced at the Vine Products vintnery in Surrey but owing to the unavoidable wartime restriction of supplies you may often find it difficult to obtain. Votrix "Dry," bottle size 6/9. Votrix "Sweet," bottle size 6/3.



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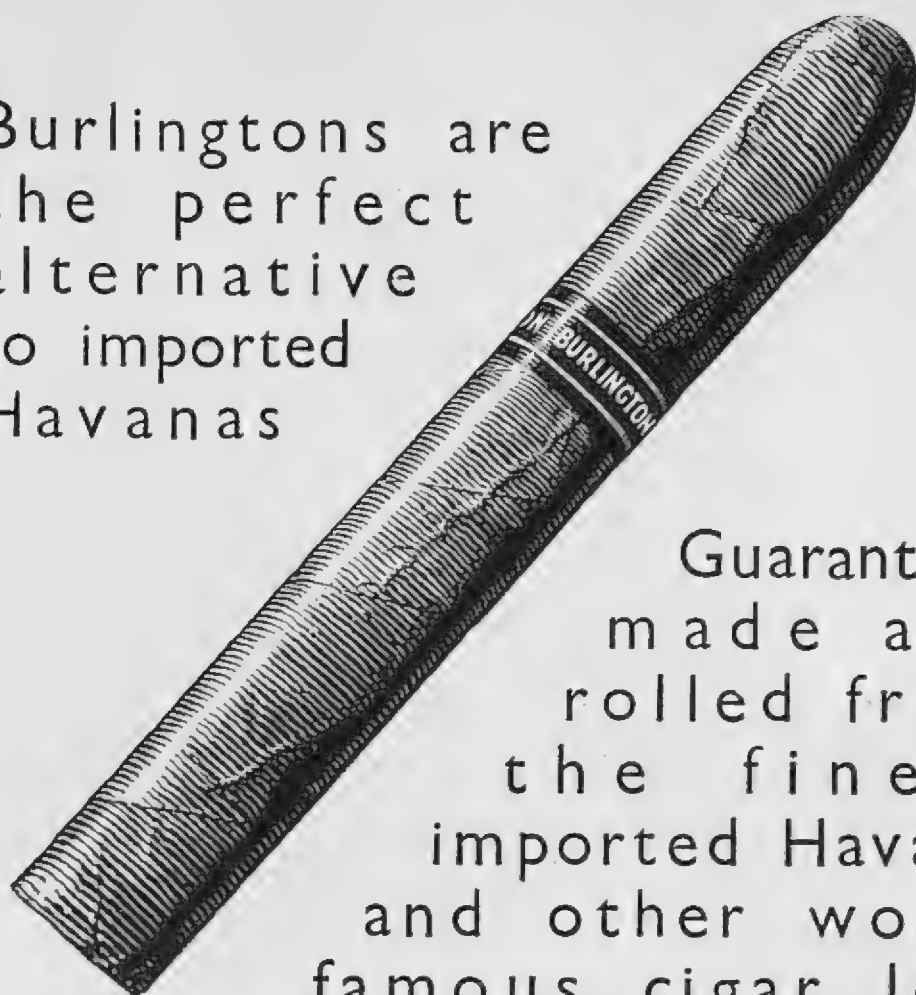
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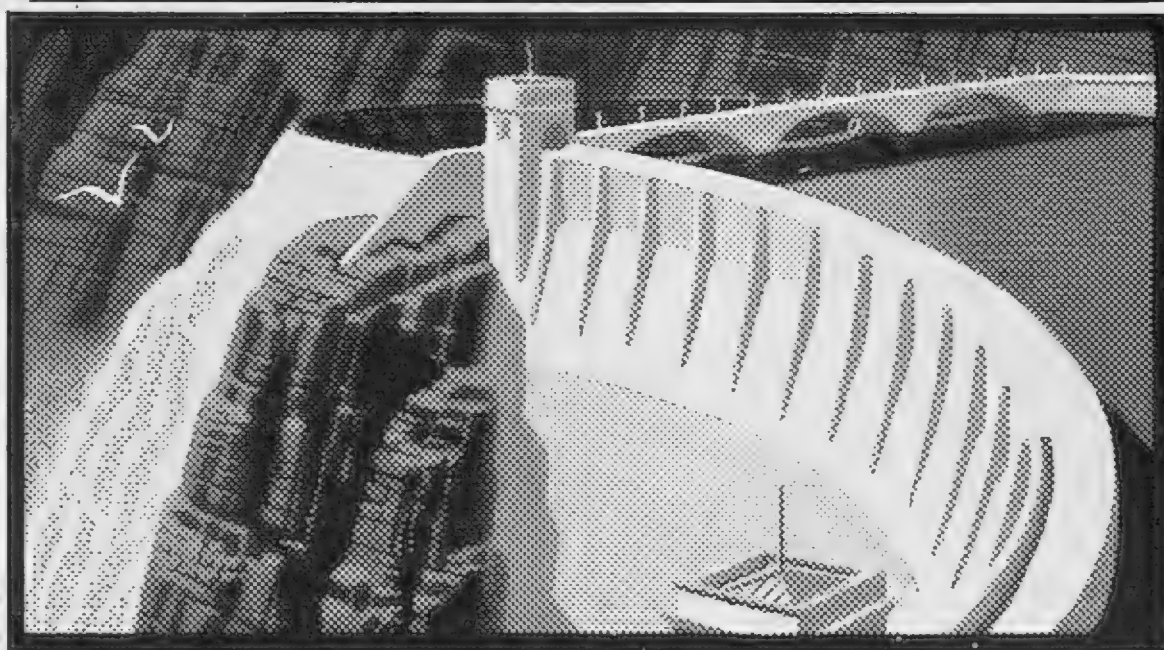
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PROBLEM: *How to convey 9,903 tons of sand and gravel 10 miles every 24 hours for 3 years*

When the great Shasta Dam was being built—a tremendous problem was that of conveying the sand and ballast to the job, a distance of 10 miles, *across rivers, railways and roads*. Goodyear answered the problem by supplying a conveyor belt capable of carrying the 10 million tons of sand and ballast which is today in Shasta Flood Control Dam. The figures

speak for themselves... it was only natural that Goodyear made this belt. For Goodyear have spent so many years "learning how". Nowhere in the world does industry operate or a motor car travel the road without owing something to Goodyear's unending labours to find ways of overcoming problems in every field where rubber plays its part.

Another

GOOD YEAR

contribution to Progress

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

MRS. BLANK had a burglary. When the news got about, a neighbour called on her in great excitement.

"I saw one of the burglars!" she declared. "He was standing just inside the gate, and kept peeping out at the road and then glancing back at the house. He was evidently keeping watch for the men inside."

Mrs. Blank was all agog.

"What was he like?" she inquired.

"He was a little man, very shabbily dressed. I couldn't see his face properly. He had an old hat pulled down over it. He was a fellow you'd feel suspicious about at once."

"What time was this?" asked Mrs. Blank.

"Just after eleven"

Mrs. Blank stiffened.

"That was Mr. Blank," she said, icily.

A MAN went to his doctor and requested treatment for his ankle.

After a careful examination the doctor inquired: "How long have you been going about like this?"

"Two weeks."

"Why, man, your ankle is broken. How you managed to get around at all is a mystery. Why didn't you come to me before?"

"Well, doctor, every time I say anything is wrong with me, my wife declares I'll have to give up smoking."

It was almost four in the morning when John got home from his poker game. Shoes off, he was tiptoeing down the hall past his wife's bedroom when a board creaked.

"Is that you, John?" his wife called.

There was a short, brooding silence. Then: "It darned well *better* be!" John said.

WISHING to give his Scottish steward a treat, a man invited him to London, and on the night after his arrival took him to an hotel to dine. During the early part of the dinner the steward was noticed to help himself very liberally to the champagne, glass after glass of the wine disappearing. Still he seemed very downhearted and morose. Presently he was heard to remark:

"Well, I hope they'll no be verra long wi' the whisky, as I dinna get on verra weel wi' these mineral waters."

Two soldiers home on leave were having a chat.

"But weren't you engaged last time we met?" asked one.

"What happened? Did you break it off?"

"No, not exactly."

"Then she did?"

"No she didn't."

"Well, then——"

"You see, she told me what her clothes cost, and I told her what my pay was. Then our engagement sagged in the middle and gently dissolved."



"Pull yourself together for goodness sake! You're on fire-fightin' arter this"

Moscow radio recently declared that the following story was being told among German prisoners of war.

Hitler was inspecting the Eastern Front.

"What," he asked a German soldier, "would be your last wish if a Russian bomb fell near you?"

"I would wish," the soldier replied, "that my beloved Fuehrer could be at my side."

"Doctor," said the patient, "I'm afraid my wife is going crazy."

"What seems wrong?" asked the doctor.

"She wants to buy a goat."

"Let her buy a goat."

"But she wants to keep it in the house."

"Well, let her keep it in the house."

"But a goat smells."

"Open the windows."

"What! And let all my pigeons out!"

THIS true story is reported from a country post office.

An aged woman entered, asked for a money order for £10, and some odds and ends of stamps and postcards, totalling three shillings and sixpence.

She handed the latter sum over the counter. When she was told the total amount was £10 3s. 6d. she looked surprised and protested:

"But I was told that the money order was free if it was for income tax."

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Lemon · Orange · Grapefruit
Lime Juice Cordial 2/6
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"Shall I emerge from the War still with energy to take an active part in life, but looking a wreck with a face from which youth has fled?" This is a question many women are asking under the strain, grief and hardships which are part of the price of victory.

This question is satisfactorily answered by a well-known Fleet Street journalist who reveals in her book "Living Canvas," (Methuen, 3/6) her experience in that field of modern marvels "Face Plastic" (the correction of unsightly features, loss of facial contour, removal of facial blemishes either from birth or caused by accident, worry or ill health) as practised in London for the last 30 years by the Swiss specialist, Mr. C. H. Willi, who wrote the preface to this book. His experience is based on over 10,000 cases, amongst them the best known Film Stars, Actresses, Princes, Rulers, social and business people.

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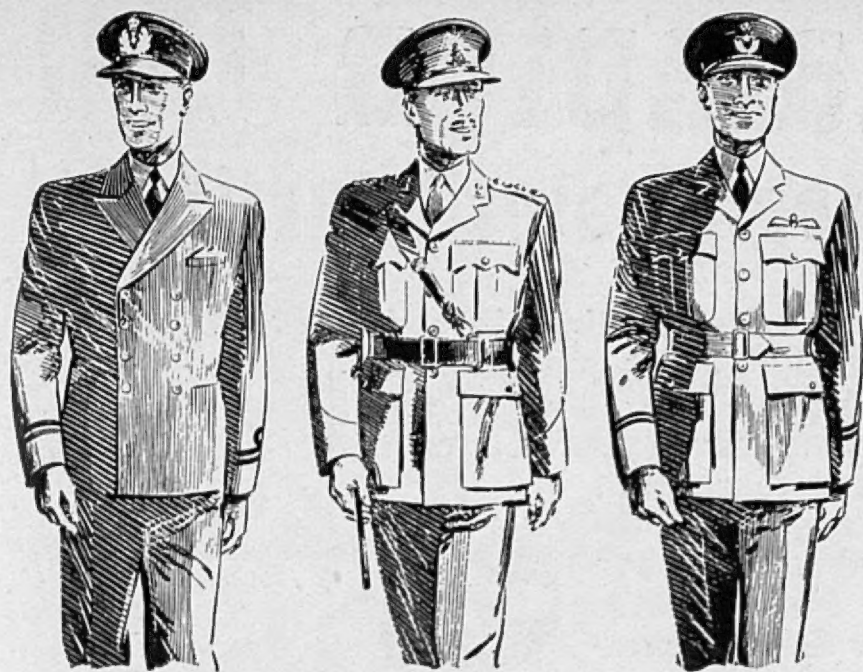
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Tunic	£7 0 0
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Trench Coat with detachable fleece lining ..	6 16 0
Drill Tunic ..	3 0 0
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Tunic	£7 0 0
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They wear shirts of 'Viyella'—Or maybe 'Clydella'—
And put up a jolly good show.



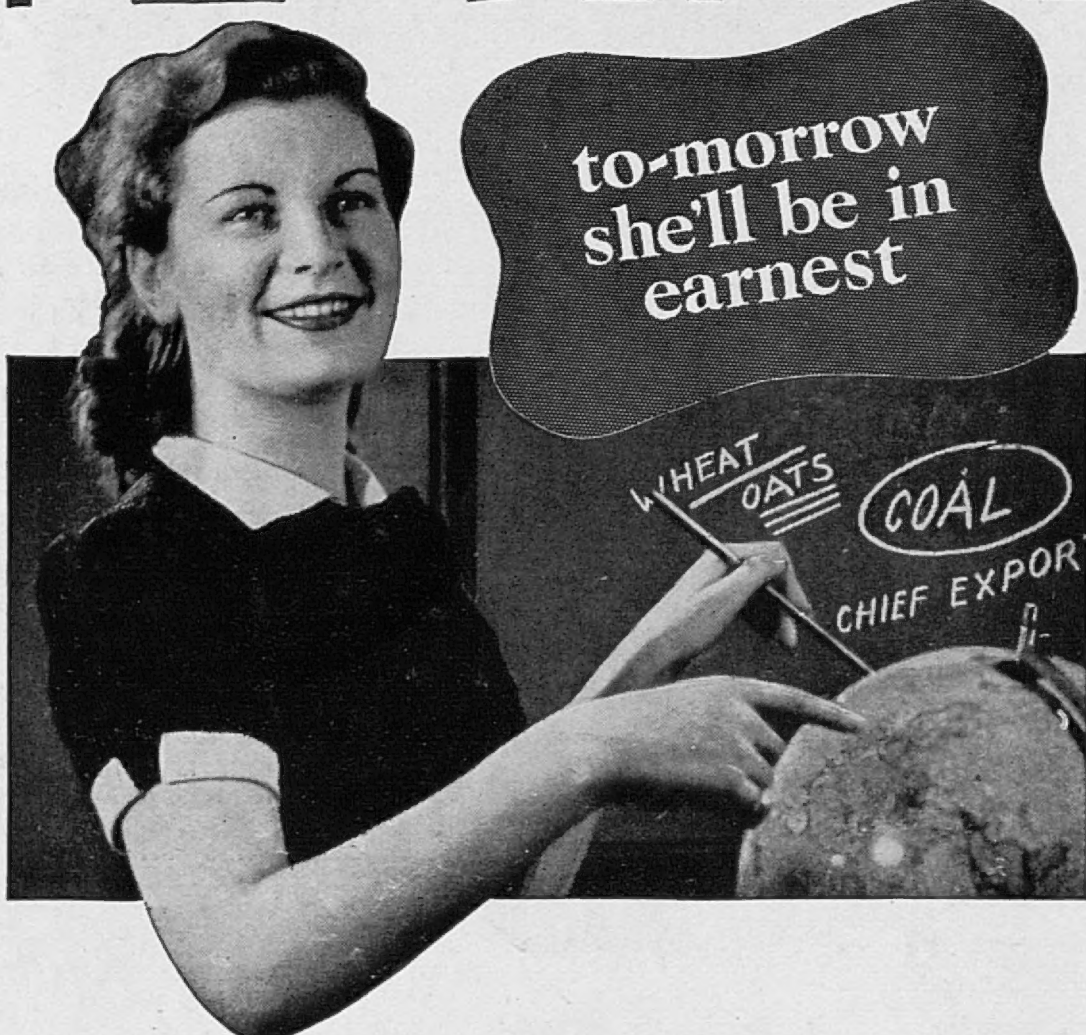
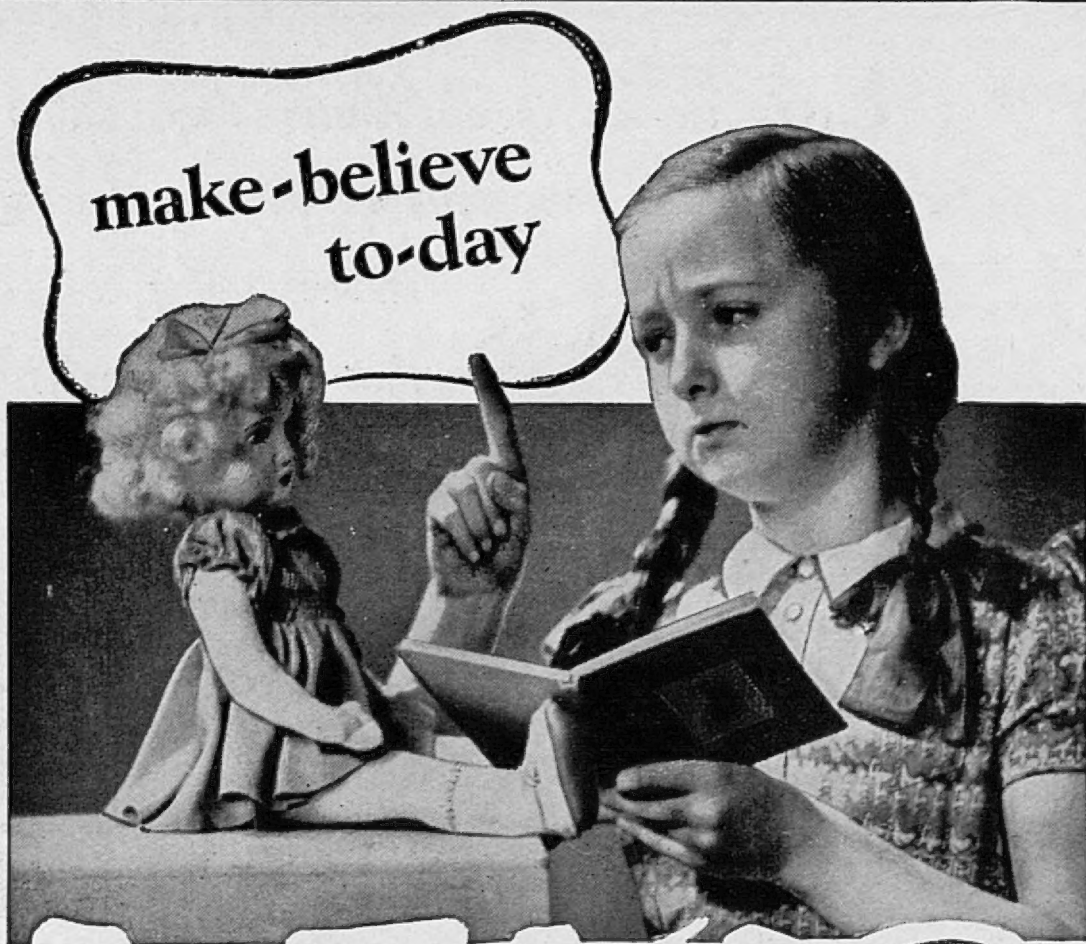
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Savings Bonds. National War Bonds. Defence Bonds.
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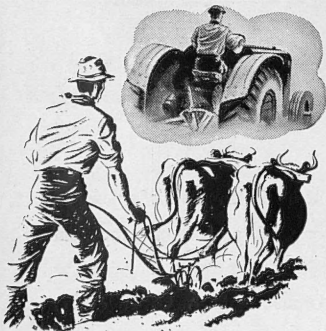
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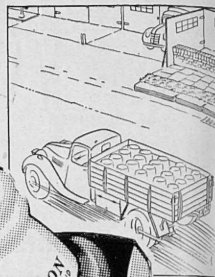
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Dancing from 8.30 p.m. to Morning

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Don't Cry— I'm here.

We are here too! Our arms must never be closed to the children in their distress. Born in 1881, the Society recently dealt with its 50,000th case, and has in its care at the moment over 6,000 children, nearly two thousand of whom have been taken from danger zones, into safer reception areas and special war nurseries.

Gifts, however small, gratefully received by the Secretaries.

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Special war-time model incorporating comfort, beauty, ease and balance. We regret supplies are severely restricted, but see your local dealer, or send 3d. for catalogues to ASHTON BROS. & PHILLIPS, LTD., 4, OSNATH WORKS, WARRINGTON

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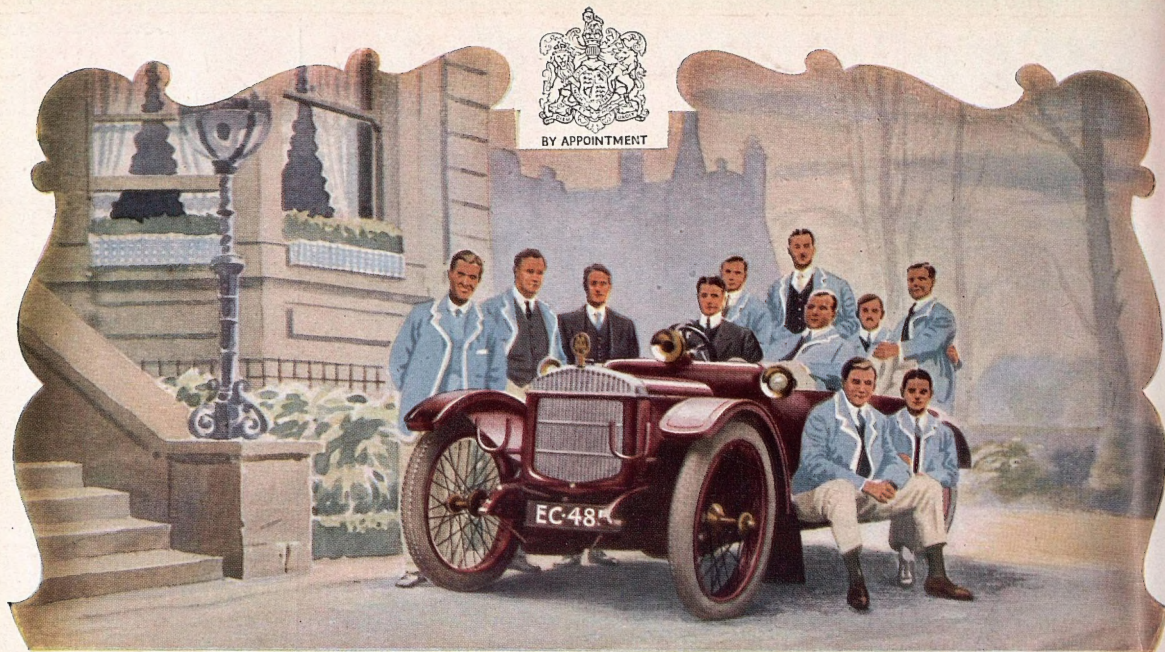
Index of Sizes clearly marked on stem

You may have difficulty in obtaining a new Barling Pipe. Take care of your present one and thus avoid disappointment. When obtainable prices are:

Standard and Sandblast	S.S. 10'6	S-M. 13'6	L. 16'6	E.L. 20'6
Ye Olde Wood	S.S. 15'6 <td>S-M. 18'6 <td>L. 21'6 <td>E.L. 25'6 </td></td></td>	S-M. 18'6 <td>L. 21'6 <td>E.L. 25'6 </td></td>	L. 21'6 <td>E.L. 25'6 </td>	E.L. 25'6

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Daimlers both—and though to our eyes the relationship of the 1939 model to the car of 1910 seems very much that of the swan to the ugly duckling, in fact both were leaders in the motor world of their day.

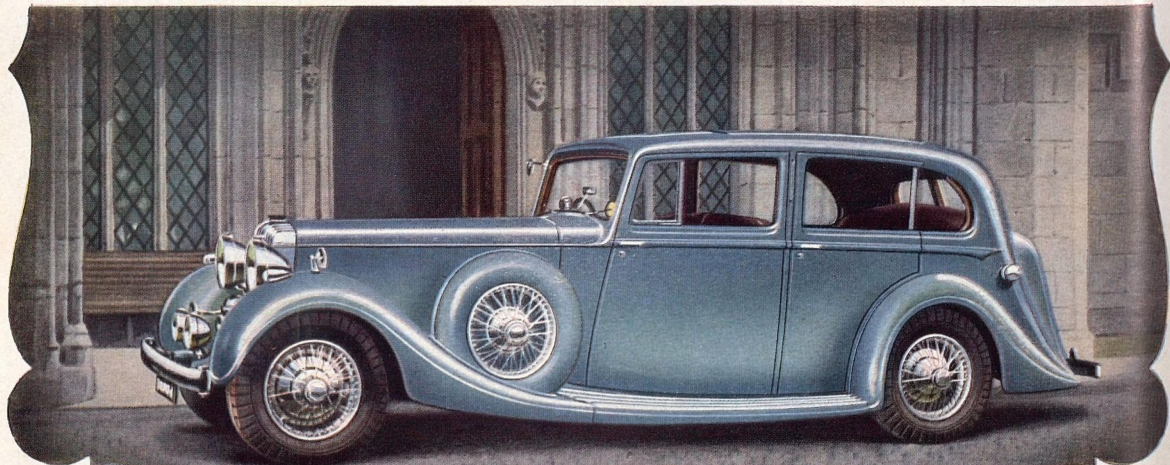
Decisive contributions to motoring development were also made by Lanchester and B.S.A.; while to millions of cyclists and motor-cyclists B.S.A. is the standard for perfection and value.

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